

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 11, No. 24

The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Prop.,
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 30, 1898.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), 25c. } Whole No. 544

Things in General.

THE world of which Canada forms so large but unappreciated a part, is so absorbed with hearing "All about the war and what they kill each other for," that it is difficult to find any topic not "bluggy" in its tendencies which will like be of even passing interest. I feel quite certain that if the sensationalism which at present characterizes the daily newspapers is continued, the public will soon weary of "despatches" printed only to be denied, and of "news" which is constantly being discovered to be pure fabrication. Nevertheless, this condition of public sentiment was sufficient to send me to New York a week ago last Saturday, with an idea of beholding the attitude of the "great republic to the south of us" in the supreme moment of declaring hostilities against a nation which has a history even longer than the curse of the country which is about to wipe the colonies of Spain off the face of the earth, if the declarations of the press of the United States are to be accepted.

The scene in New York was not one to cause the spectator to respect the Government of the United States or to hold in high esteem the motives which underlie this practically indefensible aggression. As a rule the people seemed to regard the whole business as a grand bluff, as a game of political poker in which they held so strong a hand that Spain could not do anything but lay down her cards and lose everything she had at stake. Contact with a people who are firmly convinced that they can "lick the earth" is never pleasing. To observe the performances of such a people when they have an opponent admittedly too weak to make more than a show of resistance, is to feel the sense of contempt always excited by the antics of a bully. This grows into a feeling of abhorrence when the onlooker belongs to a contiguous nation speaking the same language; worshipping the same God in the same orthodox manner; striving for the same trade, perhaps more legitimately, yet possessing not more than ten per cent. of the population of the United States. The Canadian who feels the pride of the territory in which he was born, and which if time be given will some day be densely populated, revolts against the assumption of the people of the United States that they are the political pup of the New World whose anathema may be made to strike us dumb and whose hand may fall upon us at any hour. We who possess the greater half of this continent, a possession which came to us by neither fraud nor intrigue, do not care to be made to feel that a grand aggregation of purse-proud political cutthroats and commercial slugs—such as is the Yankee mob which shouts for war—hold that we are existing because their Christianity and humanitarianism prevent them from making a light lunch of us. Yet if you had been in New York during the past week you would have heard this sort of thing expressed by the mass, and would have been impressed by the fact that this sentiment is general, except in the clubs and business circles, and in those places where people who have a knowledge of the size and importance of other nations congregate. In the squares before the newspaper offices where thousands read with swelling pride news of the capture of a wood-scow, one felt the strength of the terrible predatory instinct of a people who worship money, conquest, and an ability to cower as the owners of the earth. I admit that I was in a state of belligerency, and little as I care for Spain and her institutions I felt a prayer rising up from my heart to the great God of war, to the Lord of battles, to Him who supervises this universe, that in time, which sets all things even, the United States may be taught a lesson which it will never forget.

A little bulletin suggesting that Canada had not bowed her knee with the promptitude which the small size of her population demanded, raised an uproar, and I had the pleasure of hearing it whispered from mouth to ear that the United States had whipped Great Britain in the last century, and had given Canada a drubbing in 1812, and was willing and able to do it again. It is all right for Great Britain to play her diplomatic game of being the friend, neighbor and ally of the United States; Canada knows the republic well, and, like Spain, we will fight to our last gasp before we can be made the "dub" that we are esteemed to be, or engage in a compact which means either our absorption or conquest.

The United States has gone through a period of commercial depression. Its government has been handed over to men who are the secret agents of great corporations and intriguers whose sole object is their own aggrandizement. In October, '96, I ventured the following prophecy:

If McKinley be elected, as he is likely to be, a war may at once be instituted in order to obtain an army, which will not be really intended to cope with a foreign power, but to keep the "Popocrats" quiet. Money cannot much longer rule in the United States without a trained force, entirely unsympathetic with the people, upon which reliance can be placed for the retention of what is ordinarily esteemed to be, and which is always declared to be, "Law and Order." This proclamation in the United States, which is as imminent as the election of McKinley is evident, will separate the United States from the great list of really free people; it will as a nation cease to be an organization responsible for their own acts, and become a mere organization which have for their object the perpetuation of a good Christian civilization of the world, the quieting of disturbances not originating in private or corporate greed. If, as I venture to predict, the United States becomes a mere factor in the financing of the numerically small but influentially great plutocrats of the world, an anarchy greater than anything recently known will develop in the great Republic, and thrones of its great emotion will be felt, to our surprise, our encouragement and our disappointment, very often in the Dominion of Canada.

All this has come about. The evils to follow the license and accrued growth of the money greed are now being exemplified by the moneyless individuals. It is not a war for the benefit of humanity, but one started as a bluff by the plutocrats to get an army and navy forced upon the United States by those who see no way so easy for the making of a living as by robbing weak powers. As we read of the prizes captured, where wood-scows are magnified into merchantmen and the value of the prize is reckoned in dollars, and the share of each pirate is exaggerated, we get an idea of what the real national commercial honor of the United States amounts to. The idea that the whole thing is a game of poker is exemplified by the New York *Journal*, a paper proscribed in the best clubs and families of New York and throughout the United States, which recently had as its heading, "The First Jack-pot is Ours," when the first shot was fired and the first capture made. And this jubilation was all over the capture of the *Buena Ventura*, a Spanish vessel which had cleared from United States port for Rotterdam, with a cargo owned by English capitalists, twenty-four hours before the ultimatum which the United States delivered to Spain had been rejected. Something purporting to be a photograph of the man who fired the shot over the bow of this unfortunate little tub, was published in New York as that of a hero. All this violation of international law was applauded wildly by the percentage of people who ordinarily sun themselves in the park before the newspaper offices. They, the mob, were wildly enthusiastic, but the first shot that was fired had startled the people of the United States out of their dream that the whole thing was a bluff. The business men of the city knew at once that the United States was at war; that contracts could not be entered into; that enormous taxes had to be levied; that no one could afford to make an engagement when the Union was practically shut off from the world and prices would have to be increased to support a navy which in times of peace could not keep itself off a sand-bank or out of collision with a wharf. Faces lengthened and commercial transactions shortened; men

looked at one another, and those concerned in commercial transactions remarked, "This is an unfortunate business." The shrieking before the yellow newspaper offices was done by men who had nothing to lose and did not propose to fight. The mourning is done by people who have business to do, and who have contracts to fill and would like to make engagements for the future.

A marvelous feature of this whole business was the desperate grab made at the petticoats of Queen Victoria when it was discovered that New York was not properly defended. With one accord the people exclaimed, "England will not permit Spain to bombard New York." Without doubt English interests in New York are as great as those Indigenous to the soil, but it is very doubtful if England's professed friendship is any more sincere than the suddenly born enthusiasm of the United States for the Mother Land.

If the hands even of the best people of the United States are reached out in friendliness to England at the present moment, and if the voices which had been continually decrying the Mother of Liberty, mean anything, then we must convince ourselves at once that Spain, too, has her offsprings; that from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan the lands, excepting Brazil and the Guianas, are of Spanish instinct, similar in language and religion to the poor old country that is fighting for an honorable death rather than a disgraceful severance from her colonies. As I stated two weeks ago, these countries, though they achieved their liberty years ago from Spanish misrule, are

impoverished nation with a great standing army and an idle fleet will seek new countries to conquer, and that in their plans of conquest Canada will always seem the most desirable prize.

It might seem strange that a Canadian writing for Canadians should take this view of the war between the United States and Spain, if it were not so evident that the same mob-forces may any day endanger our peace, if not our national existence. So far as the present war itself is concerned, our material advantages are all on the side of its being greatly prolonged. Indeed, if it be continued even for a few months Canada should seize the opportunity of establishing great distributing points at Halifax, St. John, Vancouver and Victoria. Shippers do not care to endanger their freights by sending them out of American harbors which are heavily mined, as these harbors are supposed to be, and where insurance rates are much greater than the freight rates. Already a great deal of traffic is being diverted from New York to Montreal and Quebec, Halifax and St. John. Projected lines of Canadian steamers which asked subsidies from the Dominion Government for the conveyance of goods and passengers southward on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, could very well afford to undertake the enterprises which a few months ago needed bolstering up by Government aid, quite independently of any assistance, for without doubt much will be sought from Canadian ports which hitherto has always been taken from the ports of the United States. During this disturbance Canada should seize the opportunity and extend her direct export business. Much ephemeral traffic will be forced upon our coast cities and steamers, but with a re-

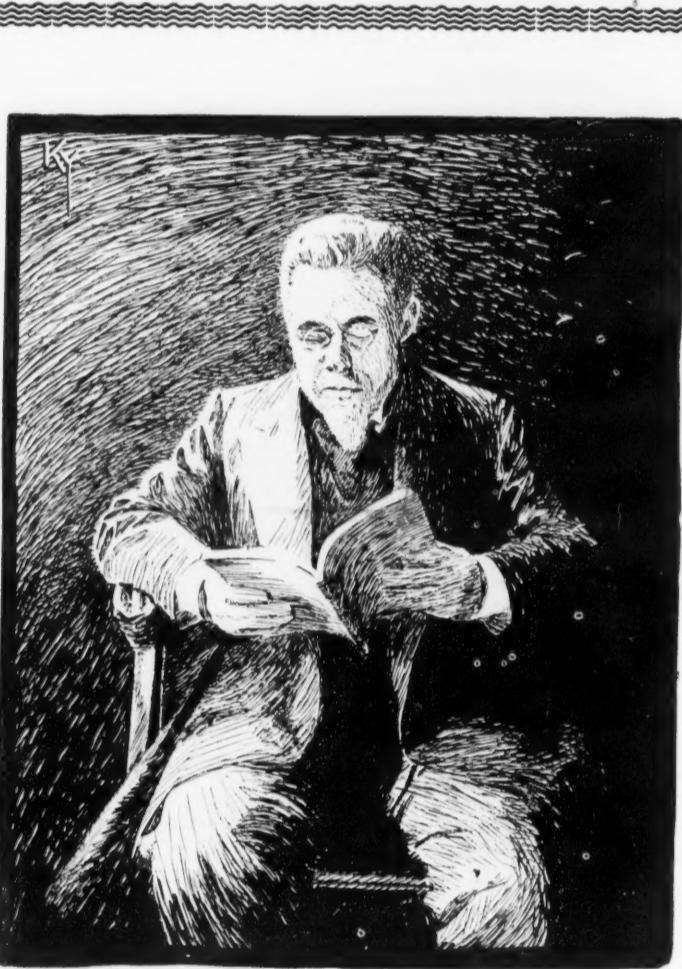
United States flag, should be done under the British flag, and perchance before the war is over we will have succeeded so far in absorbing the business that it will never return to its old channels. I speak advisedly when I say that the Spanish-American countries which would be served would be willing to pay a subsidy for a British service, for a prolonged struggle or a contest lasting for a few months will simply isolate these people from contact with the Yankee part of America to the north of them, which must be reached by sea. No doubt the Government sees all these opportunities and is urging upon exporters the necessity of prompt action. If not, it would be worth while for something of this nature to be undertaken without the loss of day.

Outside of the possibilities of an export trade to the most disturbed area, which is that of the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, Canada will reap many internal advantages. Little will be gained by the heavy advance in wheat, because prices having been good the crop has been well sold and the stocks are small. Nevertheless, the fear or hope, or whatever we may call it, that the war will not be over before autumn comes and the wheat ripens again, will induce the farmers of the west to put in a large acreage of grain, such, it is to be hoped, as will teach Great Britain that if this country were to be relied upon for the bread of the United Kingdom she could easily meet the demand. We can grow more bread stuffs than would suffice for Great Britain and Ireland, and if we entered upon the task of doing it we would have no difficulty in getting people from those islands to take up our farms and undertake the enterprise of producing the cereals and meats which Great Britain must always import.

The present "ruction" is Canada's opportunity to demonstrate her possibilities and to show how able an ally of Great Britain she can be. We do not need to accept the hypocritical protestations of the official people of the United States that they are now our friends because Great Britain has been kind to them, but we should regard with the greatest earnestness the problem of taking advantage of a chance which may not come to us again in many years. The ephemeral excitement over the Yukon and the exertions of the Government to show themselves equal to the transportation of people and supplies to that frost-bitten region, should be nothing in comparison with the attempt to show ourselves equal to the absorption of population and business which the disturbed condition of the United States offers us. This is a critical moment. The favors of the gods seem to have fallen upon this good country of ours in the last few years. In the past we have been too ready to accept what has been forced upon us, and too weak or small-minded to force our business upon those who are outside of the radius directly asking for our products. During the civil war in the United States we should have built up a business which was at our hand, and yet we failed to appreciate the opportunity. It seemed to all of us who were then old enough to be in business that we were doing unusually well, and as we had not entered into confederation this was perhaps excusable. Now we should act as a unit and leadership should be found for the grandest commercial campaign ever undertaken by a new nation.

THE proposal to appoint General Gascoigne's successor from among Canadian military officers is meeting with general approbation. Just who made the proposal or what chance there is of the Imperial Government considering it I know not, but as we are annually giving to the Imperial service the best graduates of our military college and have a large force of volunteers intensely loyal to the Empire and to this country, to reach the highest place in the Canadian service should be within the possibilities of a Canadian soldier. If the material which offers itself now for the post of commander of Her Majesty's forces in Canada is somewhat crude and inexperienced, it is because our men have not been in training for the place. Give us an opportunity of holding before the eyes of the military men of Canada so high and honorable a post, and we will develop plenty of officers who will be quite as able to conduct the military business of this country as any general who can be sent to us. Those who come from afar may know much more about military affairs than our local men, but they are not in touch with the Canadian volunteer. In the majority of cases they offend our best officers and render many of our most enthusiastic promoters of the volunteer force helpless and spiritless. It is always hard to begin a new system, but the daily paper which suggested the name of Colonel George Taylor Denison, without doubt indicated the man in whom the Canadian public would have the greatest confidence. He has demonstrated his great executive ability, his loyalty and clear-sightedness, and would be a man who, if engaged in the Imperial service, would be able to point out both the strength and weakness of our system. Already he is listened to with respect in Great Britain, and as the winner of the Czar's prize for the best book on cavalry tactics, with the whole world in competition, he has a military reputation. He is not a book soldier, but a practical man, always well loved by those under his command; just, free from political bias, and a natural born leader of those whose thoughts run to war. Why should not Colonel G. T. Denison be the next commander of the militia? Possibly the only argument would be that never such another police magistrate would be found for Toronto.

Talking about the appointment of a Canadian soldier as commander-in-chief of our local forces, it seems to me quite within the limit of prudence and our rights as the premier colony of Great Britain, that Canadians should have some share in the Imperial consular service. This is the greatest self-governing colony of the Empire; it lies alongside of the greatest competitor of Great Britain; it has more knowledge of the general methods, possibilities and necessities of the New World than any other colony can claim in anything like the same regard. Australia is an island; it knows its own necessities, is insular in its prejudices though British in its sentiments. South Africa has to deal with conditions peculiar to that continent and is lacking in neighbors which are superior in population, wealth and aggressiveness. India is practically a preserve of Great Britain. In fact, no colony is subject to the peculiar conditions which are a part of our every-day life. Taking all these things into account, it seems to me that at least a dozen Canadians who are good business men and understand this section of the world and know something as to how traffic is managed on this continent, should be given positions as consuls at points where Canada desires to develop her trade. Even a year's residence would give them an expert knowledge of what was going on, and this information would be valuable, not only to Great Britain, but to Canada. Take the present British consular reports, and they rarely, if ever, have any reference to Canadian goods, how they should be packed, handled, prepared, or offered to the merchants. Supposing we had a dozen men who were not appointed for political reasons, but because they understand business; they might be given a year's residence in a dozen places, infusing new blood into the British consular service and providing reports valuable alike here and in Great Britain. They would train the more or less permanent underlings of their offices to regard Canadian interests, and then they might be moved to twelve other places, thus every year providing an effective education to the consular staff of a dozen chief commercial cities in various countries. As nearly all the work is done by the vice-consul, these men might be given opportunities to travel and visit other consulates, and thus in a little time Canadian interests and products would be



SEÑOR POLO Y BERNABÉ,

Spanish Minister to Washington, who, with his Staff, is now residing in Toronto.

A despatch from London, Eng., on Wednesday said: In the Imperial House of Commons yesterday Hon. Mr. Balfour, replying to the question of Mr. James F. Hogan, anti-Parnellite, respecting the presence in Toronto of Señor Polo y Bernabé, said: "Señor Polo y Bernabé is now a resident of Toronto, and is in exactly the same position as any other foreign resident in a private capacity in her Majesty's dominion, and he has no limitations placed upon him other than the duty of observing the provisions of the foreign enlistment act. There is no foundation for the suggestion that he is accredited to the whole of North America, and has therefore a definite status in Canada."

Spanish in sentiment, in language, and are controlled by the same religious impulses. More than this, they are controlled by the commercial instinct which is felt by Canada, that if one country is absorbed by the United States the others will have to follow. In none of these countries, no matter what professions they may make, is there any friendliness to the United States. She has been an interferer and a plotter in their little wars; she has been a bully and a self-assertive arbitrator in their disputes; she has been an aggressive, pretentious and abominable disturber in every little national horse trade or rearrangement of territorial limits; she has never done good to anyone and she has done harm to all, and with one accord they will deny her right to possess Cuba, which is the sentinel of the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea.

Another phase of this whole business which the United States will ere long be made to feel is this: She started this war without the sanction of the Powers, began capturing ships before there was any declaration of war or the ultimatum to Spain had been rejected; and when the indemnity which she will seek from Spain to be arranged, these things will be remembered by the Powers of Europe, and the interests of these Powers, in South America particularly, are very great, and will prevent the costs being given to the plaintiff. Whether she wins or loses, we may all remember this, that she will be the great sufferer. The United States is paying by millions of dollars for suspension of business, for the disturbance of her affairs, for the withdrawal from the seas of what few vessels floated her flag. If this goes on for years she will be the middleman of no nation; she will sit aside and eat out her own vitals, spending money that she cannot recover from others, engulfing herself in national debt which will mean taxes so heavy as to prohibit the manufacture of goods being in competition with the world. "Give us peace," should have been her prayer; and while Canada will surely reap a brief advantage from the conflict, we must recollect that an

turn of peace this will fade away. A reasonable expenditure of wisdom and money should be made to establish permanently a great deal of traffic which the United States should never be able to get back.

I am informed that the Michigan Central is ferrying about two thousand cars a day across the Detroit River for transmission through our territory on their way to the sea. Much of this business should stay in Canada and be shipped from a Canadian port. The Wabash, which recently leased the old Air Line of the Great Western Railway from the Grand Trunk, is said to have more freights offering than the capacity of the line will carry, the sidings not being long enough to hold the trains which need to pass one another. No doubt the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific are enjoying a still greater increase of business. Our lumbermen should load their ships at once and send them to the markets that we have been so poorly supplying in Mexico, Central and South America, for United States lumber appears to be a contraband article when found on any ship, if the Buena Ventura incident is not declared to have been in violation of international law. Dealers in our fish products, which have so large a market in South America and could have tenfold the sale that they now have, should put their goods on British bottoms and under the British flag to visit the ports where the chances are so good for establishing trade. All the articles which those people need must be supplied by somebody, and with similar products to the United States, though somewhat cruder in finish, Canada can supply, and should make it her business to supply them at once. This Dominion should not be slow about moving now that a movement is evidently the proper thing to make and profits are likely to be unusually large. All our West Indian business should be doubled and trebled; the carrying of passengers along the Pacific coast as far south as Panama, now done entirely under

known, respected and attended to. Furthermore, manufacturers in which Canadians could compete might be brought to the notice of those of our people who are willing to undertake such things, and incalculable good thereby accomplished.

Such a system is not at all impossible, for while the British consular service is one of examination and promotion to a certain extent, all sorts and conditions of men are appointed who go through the years of their service without doing their country any particular good, and are pensioned. In the United States the life of a consul is only the life of the party government which appoints him, and yet it is doubtful if his reports are not much more to the point and of greater value to the merchants and manufacturers and exporters than those sent to the Foreign Office in Downing street. We are giving up something to Great Britain in the way of tariff discrimination and asking nothing of a similar sort in return. With becoming modesty and feeling that we have a place in British trade, Canada might ask with perfect propriety to have an opportunity of assisting in a work which is now by no means too well done. The clamor of many Boards of Trade in Great Britain indicates a feeling on the other side of the ocean that the service might be improved, and this suggestion seems to me to as nearly fill the bill as anything that is likely to be offered. It would lead Canadians to study trade topics more closely than they do at present, for an ambition to fill such a place would create experts who would be useful before going abroad and would be exceedingly valuable when they returned to their own country. It would draw the tie between the mother and the youngster land closer and would be good politics for the party that proposed it.

ONE of the things the people of this country should remember is, while wheat and other food products may appreciate in value during the season when they are not being produced, that the United States will internally be almost at peace as far as the productive energies of her people are concerned. Her export business will be damaged, but that will mean a larger bulk of goods to be disposed of in a domestic way. No great rise in prices can be anticipated, except in articles which are specially taxed to provide funds for the maintenance of the army and fleet. More or less of a congestion must follow, which will produce a tendency to slaughter goods on this side of the line and in Mexico in order to obtain ready money. As they will raise ample to feed and clothe themselves we can expect our great advantage only in the direction of export. People who indulge in dreams of high prices all around, such as reigned after the Crimean war and the United States civil war, will almost certainly be misled. The conditions will favor our development, greater freedom of money in some respects and greater stringency in others, because some Canadian money will be placed to advantage on the other side of the line. Immigration will be increased and a greater hopefulness manifested. But against all this will be the disturbance which uncertainty always creates, an unwillingness to enter into contracts, and an expectancy of war prices. It is to be hoped that no speculative craze will overrun Canada, even if the war shows every sign of being indefinitely prolonged. It is only by avoiding any "boom" wildness that the Dominion can get its best advantage from having its greatest rival for a time taken out of the export business.

DON.

The Carranza-Sigsbee Duel.

CAPT. CARRANZA, a member of the staff of Senor Polo, the Spanish Minister at Washington, who is now residing at the Queen's Hotel in Toronto, challenged Capt. Sigsbee and General Fitz-Hugh Lee to a duel because of insulting references made by them to Spanish officers. Press despatches say that Mrs. Sigsbee pasted the challenge in her scrap-book as a curiosity, and although the challenge is being discussed in every newspaper in America and put up on every bulletin, the newspapers say that Capt. Sigsbee will not be informed of the challenge until the expiration of the eight days during which Capt. Carranza said he would wait in Toronto for a reply. General Lee says that he would ignore any such challenge, but up both a Major Reid, styled "champion swordsmen of America," and offers to fight Capt. Carranza. Sigsbee and Lee are in the position of haughty officers who would not be allowed to fight a duel, but the other officer, the Major, who is a professional swordsman, is less haughty and apparently more privileged. This will not improve Capt. Carranza's opinion of Yankee character.

The following editorial from the New York *Post* is worth reproducing: "The Spanish naval attaché who is sending challenges over the Canadian border to Capt. Sigsbee, Gen. Lee, and we know not to whom else, is provoking much good-natured smiling among this non-duelling people, but he is really worth more than a smile. He is significant of much, as Carlyle would say, to one who would know something of the Spanish nature—especially of that Spanish pride which is the most towering in the world. The whole Spanish nation is now going into a duel, as it were, on a point of honor, and Lieut. Carranza but shows the spirit which actuates all his countrymen. It is a spirit born in a race which has been at war practically for 500 years. During all that time the highest ideal of manhood and honor in Spain has been the military ideal. Other peoples might be content to live, to get rich, to make progress, but the Spaniard must be *pundonoroso*—that is, must have a sense of personal dignity untarnished—or else life and all the rest are worth nothing to him. Something like this sentiment going with the blood is the explanation of the otherwise unaccountable hauteur with which a Spanish beggar will discourse of his unsullied honor and of the obligation of his noble race, as if he were a very Roy Diaz de Bivar, El Campeador. Yet it was to a nation made up of such touchy duelists that the United States addressed what President McKinley calls, with admirable gravity, the "reasonable demands" that she give up what she would rather die than surrender. It would seem that one book of Spanish travels, the reading of one Spanish play or novel, should have been enough to convince our diplomats that their reasonable demands on Spain were sure to be taken as the deadliest insults."

Is This or That the Truth?

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, the famous preacher who has succeeded to Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and to his place in the world's attention, lectured on The New Theology in Association Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday evening. There is a story of a venerable Doctor of Divinity of the Methodist church who occupied a pulpit in Hamilton on a Sunday morning, and having been asked by the pastor to announce that he (the pastor) would preach at the evening service on The New Woman, did so in the following words: "I am desired to say that to-night your pastor will take for his text, The New Woman. I cannot neglect this opportunity of saying that I, myself, prefer the Old Woman." There will be many people, no doubt, who will say that they prefer the Old Theology. They will say this because the new theology will impress them as lacking concreteness, as involving the surrender of too much that has always been considered essential, and as leaving the uneducated man without a religion, when it is he that needs one. In short, the orthodox man will say that the new theology would abandon the masses to regain a few scientists.

Rev. Lyman Abbott admits that he is a radical evolutionist. He says that religion is in its essence ever the same, and in its expression ever changing. The life is ever the same; the explanation of the life is ever altering. Whether we believe in the Copernican or the old Ptolemaic system of astronomy, the same stars shine on us that on Abraham. There is a new botany, a new astronomy, a new anthropology, a new anatomy! Why not a new theology? We are all partial evolutionists. Evolution is the doctrine of progress from the lower to the higher form; the simple to the complex. God starts with the family, out of which grows the tribe, out of which grows the nation. We find growth in all external things. We radicals think evolution is God's way of doing all things. Theology used to regard God as sitting outside the universe moulding all things. Little by little it is giving up this view. The conflict is not between science and religion, but between two sciences. If you are an evolutionist you can still be a Christian. The

medieval idea was the carpenter theory of creation. The evolutionist has abandoned that conception. God is in His world, not outside of it. As he makes it, so He rules it, just as the spirit rules the body. The doctrine that sin is not old clothes inherited from Adam, but that it comes from a lower animal state, does not lessen our responsibility. The Hebrews had no more a Divine commission than the Greeks and Romans; simply a different one. The Bible is not a book, but a library—sixty-six different books, a few out of a mass, of which most have perished. An infallible book seems to me an impossible conception. It means that it must not only be infallibly created, but infallibly understood. It would not be to the advantage of the race to have an infallible book, just as it had not been to its advantage to believe in an infallible church. We must find truth by searching for it. No Congress can make a law. All that we can do is to find our God's laws. He believes that the church would find in evolution a more human and a diviner Christ.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is unquestionably a man of great ability, a deep student and a logical thinker. But the man of orthodoxy who sat in the audience listening to his lecture, was made to doubt whether the New Theology could maintain itself for long if the Old Theology were once dismantled. With the Bible regarded as but the masterpiece of human literature, and with the right to dispute even that granted; with the Fall of Man denied and replaced by a belief that he rose from a lower animal life, requiring as a consequence that the Saviour must be regarded as but a moral teacher and not a Redeemer—with these pillars removed what chance is there of keeping up any part of the edifice? Could not the agnostic win the world with his "we do not know," and supplant the New Theology with No Theology? Dr. Lyman Abbott says that he cannot believe in an infallible book unless we have an infallible understanding of it. The human heart has inward assurances, though indefinite, and faith is only put in shape by environment and teaching which organizes it and makes it bold. Let the New Theology succeed in capturing the reformed faiths, and it may follow that the masses of people will turn to the church that offers not only an infallible book, but an infallible interpretation of it, that does not try to mollify the scientist but scolds him—the Roman Catholic church. If you tear down a building its roof will not remain in the air.

Can a General Mix-Up be Avoided?

IN view of the fact that the very first boat captured by the United States warships was a Spanish vessel with a British cargo, and in view of the rumor that the Spaniards

Social and Personal.

LAST Saturday was St. George's Day. The society named after this saint attended divine service in St. James' cathedral Sunday afternoon, and on Monday evening they met in St. George's Hall for their annual dinner. On three sides of the hall and down the center a table ran decorated with red and white roses and tulips, and each guest sported a reminder of the ancient houses of York or Lancaster—a white or a red rose. Merrily England could not claim all the guests though; Canada, Scotland, Ireland and Spain were well represented. Among the distinguished guests were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Oliver Mowat, attended by Commander Law; Senator Juan Du Rose, Captain de la Casa, two interesting members of the late Spanish Embassy at Washington. They came with Chevalier Thompson, Spain's Consul in Toronto, who also brought the Consul of Venezuela, Mr. B. Laurence, Provost Welch of Trinity College, Col. Denison, Dr. Parkin, the able principal of Upper Canada College; Mr. Warren Burton, the president of St. George's Union of America, and Mr. Mortimer Clark were a few of the many successful men present. Mr. George H. Goocherham, president of the society, presided and well upheld the honor. An orchestra was stationed in the gallery, playing during dinner and later on when the voices were singing those short patriotic or Jolly-Good-Fellow outbursts which accompany after-dinner speeches. The platform at the end of the hall was edged with palms and flowers, and here during the evening several songs were rendered by some sturdy sons of St. George. The makers of the speeches had the advantage of a good listening and expectant audience, for war is the talk of the hour and the presence of direct representatives of one of the great powers involved gave a greater interest to what might be said. Sir Oliver Mowat's speech distributed happiness to everybody, cannily avoiding opinions on foreign topics. Some of the others who contributed appreciated speeches were: Colonel Denison, Mr. Mortimer Clark, Provost Welch and Dr. Parkin. The last named gentleman made the speech of the evening. It was a fine British speech, but the sentiment was of Empire width. Frequent references to our past relations with the United States and Spain roused a great interest. His remark that Britain had always found the Spanish nation honorable, and Spaniards gentleman, was loudly applauded, and must have warmed the hearts of Spaniards present. The majority of the guests stayed until the last song had been sung, the last speech made, and a distinguished dinner of the St. George's Society of Toronto was ended. Many other guests who were invited were prevented from coming, and among these regrets were read from the Governor-General the Earl of Aberdeen, the Bishop of Toronto, Sir George Kirkpatrick, and several sister societies in different parts of America.

Many Toronto friends will recall the handsome face of Captain Beauchamp Coldough Urquhart of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, news of whose death was received with so much regret some short time ago. Captain Urquhart visited Toronto in the season of '93, and was a guest at several dinners and balls which were arranged during the visit of Lord Ava, with whom Captain Urquhart traveled, and everywhere the genial soldier proved himself the prince of good fellows. Captain Urquhart was a very gallant and experienced officer, having served in the Egyptian war of 1882, and been present at Lord Wolseley's victory at Tel-el-Kebir. The

The Late Major B. C. Urquhart.

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medal and clasp and the Khedive's star were received by him for this campaign. Captain Urquhart was through the Nile expedition of '84-5, and at the Soudan in '85-6. He came to Canada in 1895. He met his death at the sortie against Mahmud, in the Soudanese war, on the seventh of this month.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Drury of Kingston will arrive in town on Monday and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson in Brunswick avenue. Colonel Drury and his charming wife are always welcomed with pleasure in Toronto. Miss Macdonald of Kingston will also be a member of Mrs. Patterson's house-party during the Horse Show. Colonel Montzambert and Mr. Layborn will also be up from Kingston for the Horse Show. The Kingston men taking part in the Military Tournament will be a very fine crowd. Colonel Drury is one of the judges, and Mr. Skinner is an expected visitor also from Kingston.

Attention was divided on Tuesday evening between the stage and a couple of the boxes, wherein was enconced a pretty theater-party chaperoned by Chevalier and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, and including Miss Thompson and Miss Amy Thompson, who was a picture in a white evening frock; Senator Juan Du Rose, First Secretary to the Ambassador; Captain de la Casa, Military Attaché; Senator Tomas Acuaron, whose starwarrt proportions, as he does King street, are the delight of the athletes and pretty shopping maidens about town; Attaches Almeida and Pia; and Mr. John Hutchisson, *flâneur* to Miss Thompson. The Ambassador and his junior first secretary, Senor Pablo Soler, who, by the way, is a very pleasant man and says nice things in a nice way, with that martial person, Lieutenant Carranza, were not out on Tuesday evening. These eight foreigners, with an extra in the person of Senor Torroja from Philadelphia, compose the interesting party who have been in Toronto for the past week. Another Spaniard, not quite a stranger to some of us, is the genial Baldassano, ex-Consul at New York, who spent a day or two in Toronto, and is now on his way to Spain on the Gallia. The Tuesday audience made themselves very funny at their names went. Senor Sapolio seemed a favorite shot, with Aquamarine and Booze in the running. However uncomfortable the Senors may be to handle in a fight, they are certainly quite charming socially, and several of them speak English fluently. The Minister was at Home on Thursday to callers, from half-past three to five, and afterward the distinguished group paid their respects to Miss Mowat, who held her last reception this season on that afternoon. The duration of their visit in Toronto is unfortunately not fixed by the wishes of their friends, who would welcome with much pleasure the news that they had been able to open such a happy bachelors' hall as they did in Washington, where their hospitality was so unhappily brought to an abrupt close by international complications.

Never before has such a gathering of prominent visitors from outside places been seen in Toronto as will appear at the great Tournament and Horse Show next week. His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen arrive on Tuesday evening to stay at Government House with His Honor Sir Oliver Mowat. There will be a dinner on Wednesday evening and a luncheon on Thursday. His Excellency will preside at the opening ceremonies of the show on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. A most welcome visitor will be Mr. Bryce Allan and a smart party from Boston, while Mr. E. S. Clouston, Mr. Montagu Allan, Mr. Colin Campbell, and our own "Freddie" Beardmore, are some of the good fellows who will be here from Montreal. Then Mr. Adam Beck, M.F.H., of London, has the famous center box 13, which, in spite of its number, has never been unlucky, and will never have looked better than next week, when one of the prettiest girls in Canada will be its bright adornment. The next to it again in "beauty row" is Capt. Morrow's box, where Mrs. Eber Ward will be. Mr. William Hendrie, Jr., of Hamilton, is the clearone of another central box; and Mr. Frank Walker with a Detroit party is another most gladly received visitor. Major-General Gascoigne and party and many other military dignitaries will be present in boxes 15 and 16.

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Social and Personal.

THE week has been rather a quiet one socially, and hostesses are generally reserving themselves for the expected duties and festivities of next week, when a good many things, now *en train*, will absorb the spare hours and encroach on the beauty-sleep of the *beau monde*. In the face of several untoward absences, and the slight friction consequent upon conflicting interests, the Horse Show bids fair to be a success, and the bolstering interest contributed by the Military Tournament has given much strength to the demand for boxes, as was evidenced by the very good sales made last Monday. We are assured of the attendance of smart visitors from down east, and several Buffalo people will also be here for the show. Cobourg will contribute a stylish party as usual, and Perth will not be behind former years. The Government House party, though they do not care for the theater, will not fail the soldiers and the Horse Show, and we may hope also for the attendance of the Queen's *aide-de-camp* and Lady Gzowski, as so much better, he and his popular lady will doubtless be there more than once. Many of the erst-while most enthusiastic supporters of the show will be absent. We shall miss the pleasant greeting of The Master of the hounds, and Miss Beadmore is also in Europe; so shall Mrs. and Miss Cawthra's place be vacant, and the prettiest little horsewoman in the lot, Miss Louise Junes, will just be packing up for the voyage to Canada, as I hear the family are to sail on the Wednesday following Horse Show week. These vacancies in the bright array of fashion and clever horsemanship will, however, be atoned for by some new faces and new riders. Some of the wandering dames have left their representative behind. There are some pretty festivities planned by certain "free Cubans" who don't intend to let Horse Show week go uncelebrated, and the presence in town of some beautiful and charming women will arouse many a gallant personage to the acme of hospitality. Therefore pretty luncheons, dinners and five o'clock teas, with jolly suppers, will be the rule.

There isn't much question as to which side the froth and whipped cream of Toronto takes in the United States-Spanish *melee*, since the advent of those eight charming seniors, whose names are robbing fair dames of their beauty-sleep in a wild determination to know 't other from which. The fascinations of the elderly Concias, the clever De Varguez, the stalwart Bajados, and the natty, small captain of the Pinta, whose name time has fledged from my memory, during the visit of the Caravels five summers back, were a mere ripple of interest compared with the absorbing fact of eight Spanish diplomats shining in a halo of war's gunpowder glory, and peacefully corralled at that comfortable hostelry in Front street, with a bald and benign guardian angel in the person of mine host Winnett watching over their welfare. Many are the funny yarns told on the seniors. But under penalty of the wrath of Spain I am forbidden to repeat the duello story, or the curling-tongs story, which you would all so much enjoy. The Spaniards will perchance be our visitors for some time, greatly to the benefit of society, which can stand a little livening up and be the better for it.

Mr. and Mrs. William Macpherson arrived in town last week on a fortnight's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ridout at Rosedale House.

A cablegram from Rome acquainted the Cawthra family with the news of Mr. Henry Cawthra's severe indisposition resulting from an attack of appendicitis, and in consequence of the serious aspect of the case Mr. Victor Cawthra, only son of the master of Yeadon Hall, sailed on Wednesday for Italy. Mrs. Harry Brock was also to have hastened to her mother in this trouble, which everyone hopes may end in the restoration of that courtly gentleman, Mr. Cawthra, to his wonted health, had not better news come on Tuesday.

The engagement of Miss Jessie Duff of Kingston to Mr. Noble of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, is announced. Miss Duff is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Duff, police magistrate, and niece of Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

Miss Nellie Coldham is reported much better this week.

Miss Arksey receives at 501 Church street on the first Monday of each month.

Under the management of Prof. J. F. Davis a *souire dansante* and musical *mélange* was held at his dancing academy, Wilton avenue, last Friday night, in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children. The programme consisted of social and fancy dancing, marches, songs and instrumental solos and duets, executed principally by juvenile and adult pupils of the Professor. The little folks were especially noticeable for the agility and grace displayed. They certainly reflected great credit upon their teacher. Ten dollars was realized for the Hospital, which Prof. Davis has handed to the proper official.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten are now at the Queen's Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. George White-Fraser and Mrs. Montague White-Fraser are at Frewen House, Queen's Park.

Miss Bessie Bonsall sang to a very well pleased audience in Ottawa last week, taking the contralto solos in Elijah.

Mr. Ford Robertson returned home from Mexico last week. Mrs. and Miss Robertson will remain in New York for a fortnight, and will spend the summer on the Island at their home, The Oasis.

A delightful picture was the first one shown by Dr. King on Monday evening. Two figures were seen seated one behind the other. The foremost was a lady, with one of those frightful matinee hats, completely cutting off the view of the second figure, a poor young man who peered in an agonized manner between the feathers,

duplicating the name of the genial Park-dallan, Gordon Jones and Heward were of the party, and I further noticed Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore of Cloynewood, and their second son, Mr. Willie Beardmore, who is a violin enthusiast and student: Mr. Darling, Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. Nordheimer, Misses Nordheimer and Cattanach, Mrs. Harry Totten and Miss Robertson, Lady Meredith and Miss Meredith.

Mr. Charlie Wark has been for some weeks at Dannsville for his health. Mr. Dinelli left for Orange, New Jersey, this week.

Mrs. Willie Hope and her small son have been on a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, who are grandparents very proud of their little grandson. Mrs. Jarvis is to visit Mrs. Hope in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson and their family removed to their Island residence Tuesday.

Last Saturday's meet was in Rosedale, and quite a number of persons gathered in Binscarth road opposite the residence of Captain Forsythe Grant about three o'clock. Captain Forester took the Master's place, and a rather exciting run was enjoyed, including several fordings of the Don River. The golfers were to the fore as bright specks of scarlet in the growing green of spring; and the huntsman's pink lent its touch of vivid color to the pretty scene. Mrs. Forsythe Grant had a group of friends on the balcony to watch the start, and Mrs. McDougall and Mrs. Lally McCarthy rode through to the finish.

On Thursday afternoon society passed an "unwonted hour" downtown, three affairs of interest being *en train*. Miss Mowat received for the last time this season, and many dropped in for a cup of tea and a shake of the hand from the bright and cheery Lieut. Governor and his gentle daughter. Senor, the ambassador from Washington, held a *levee* at the Queen's half-past three to half-past five, and the new departure instituted by that up-to-date caterer, Mr. Ernest McConkey, was inaugurated with much *éclat* by an "open house" five o'clocker in the popular lunch-room upstairs in the restaurant. Small and unobtrusive cards had invited mesdames and their escorts and friends to taste and see how cosy the tea-room would be when, tired with shopping, matinee or cycle tour, they would find every day the choicest brews of the cup that cheers all the long summer through, and on the departure of the guests each was given a nice little menu card setting out the moderate price and variety with which one might "tea" oneself and one's friends. The adventure of Mr. McConkey's does really fill a "long felt want," and will doubtless be a very much appreciated boon in Toronto. The mandolin orchestra played very nicely and the room was prettily arranged. The attendance, needless to say, was immense.

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HANGMAN'S CROSS

BY S. BARING-GOULD,

Author of "Mehala," "Cheap Jack Zita," "The Broom-Squire," "The Pennycomequicks," "At the Roar of the Sea," etc.

CHAPTER I.
HERE had been for some five years a very promising tin mine at work at Red Roche; many men had been employed, a great mess had been made of the land, and a lovely ravine through which the river burst from its moorland cradle had been nearly blocked by the rubbish heaps thrown out. Not only so, but the crystalline stream had been polluted.

But the world must advance. Men must work, that occupation should be found for hands in England, so as not to force men to emigrate; that is what we all desire, and if a pretty piece of landscape suffer it cannot be helped. A century hence Nature will have healed all scars and drawn a veil of verdure over the most hideous heaps of *debris*.

Now Red Roche was so full of promise under an intelligent Cornish captain, a man who had worked underground since he was a boy, that every miner employed was confident that there was work there to engage him for years to come, and what was more, that this mine would bring in a large percentage to investors in it. It did pay, and paid a dividend. What more was wanted?

But some people are not satisfied to let well alone; those who had money in Red Roche wanted to have something better than five per cent. on their outlay, they wanted ten, fifteen, twenty per cent.; and to obtain this they resolved that they must bring to bear on Red Roche the intelligence of a captain who had not made himself, but had been made—of a man not experienced in the hard school of life, but one shaped and stuffed by a Mining School. In a word, the company thought that science should be brought to bear on Red Roche instead of rough intelligence. Accordingly Cornish Zackie got his dismissal, and the management of the tin mine was entrusted to Mr. Simon Tuball, who had got his certificate from the College of Science and was very self-confident, and knew all about modern systems, and despised everything that was not up-to-date.

The first thing done by Captain Tuball was to condemn the pumping apparatus. Thereupon a new pump and wheel, on an entirely new principle, was to be fitted. The second thing done by Captain Tuball was to condemn the system of working in the adits, and to propose the introduction of machinery that would do fifty times the work of men at less expense. Accordingly the new steam engine, with its straps and borers and picks, was ordered and set up. The third thing done by Captain Tuball was to reject as barbarous the crushing apparatus and the puddles. All that also had to be made on a new system.

Now the result of this enormous outlay was that there was not only no dividend at the end of the year, but there was a heavy call on the shareholders. However, they made no demur; there must be an initial outlay to ensure the enormous profits that would come to them as the result. The captain, it was shrewdly believed, received a nice little sum from the manufacturers for recommending their machinery and obtaining orders for it; so that, although the new plant cost the shareholders a large sum, it brought in nice lump sums to Captain Tuball.

Now came the captain's fourth achievement. By scientific method he convinced himself and his shareholders that Captain Zackie had done quite wrong in working in the direction in which he had found ore, and that the only right, because scientific, way to go to work was to leave the lode that had promised and did fulfill its promise, and to go in another direction as dictated by science and opposed to common sense. The miners grumbled, the foremen protested, but where was the good? Captain Tuball was master of the situation, and had been better taught than they—at college.

The result of this fourth movement of the captain was that there was no dividend the second year; the company fell into bankruptcy, water broke into the mine, drowned the adits, covered up the promising lode and overwhelmed all the new works, which neither promised nor yielded anything.

Then Captain Tuball departed, with all his certificates, to some other confiding company, and all the miners who had been engaged at Red Roche for seven years, five of prosperity and two of adversity, had to depart and look elsewhere for occupation.

Now, among these men was one named Moses Fewins—a young fellow, frugal, temperate, hard-working, who lodged for all the seven years with a widow, at very moderate cost, and had managed to save up a nice little sum of money.

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place. Then if aught bad chances to me, you'll take my board out of its hiding-place and give it to the poor widow and orphans, and if anything bad chances to you, then I'll give yours to Margaret Westaway."

"Yes," said Moses, after a long consideration, "I agree to that. Now, where is the place?"

"Then I'll show you to-night. We must hide the money to-night."

"I should like to know where."

"At Hangman's Cross."

CHAPTER II.

Hangman's Cross was an old dilapidated monument, that may have marked a way, or was an indication of a manor. It stood near a well or spring, and this led some to believe that the cross had been erected over a fountain that had marvelous properties, or was supposed to have such. At the present day it possessed no remarkable qualities. The water oozed away in a mire, only a few cattle drank of it, and more besouled it with their feet. The cross was of granite and stood on a pedestal of three stages. One of the arms had been knocked off.

Why it was called Hangman's Cross no one knew. There was no legend connected with the cross in which a hangman played a part. But the place was regarded with superstitious fear. It was said that a fiery serpent lay coiled up in the center of the pedestal, and that if disturbed it crept forth and drank water at the well; thereby it poisoned the water, and as the overflow ran away through mire and leaked down into the main stream, it poisoned that stream, and brought plague and murrain on all cattle who drank of it. Whenever a disorder broke out among the sheep, or even among the people of the place, it was always held that this was due to the drinking of the water vitiated by the fiery serpent of Hangman's Cross.

As to the destruction of the cross, no one thought of it; that would be to let loose the serpent. Indeed, so much afraid were the people of it that they avoided the cross at night, and never ventured to meddle with it by day.

"There, Moses!" laughed he. "You see the nest is empty. There is no fiery serpent here. I warrant you the monks of old hid their treasure here and then set a going the story of the dragon to frighten folk off from looking here for what was concealed."

"Very like," said Fewins.

"Count your sovereigns," said Philip; "because if I'm to be responsible for them, I'd like to know they were right."

"Oh! right they are," answered Moses; and undoing his little bag he poured out the gold before the eyes of Hart.

"There!" said he. "Now let me count your hundred pounds."

"That I can't let you," answered Philip. "Cos why? I've sealed up the bag. You see there is a seal on it. If I hadn't done that you'd have been welcome. You can give this bag, without the seal being broken, to the widow and children, and mind and tell them they are all to have best black suits of mourning out of your savings of mine. There goes my bag."

"Brought your money?" asked Philip. "How much?"

"Five-and-twenty sovereigns."

"Any silver?"

"None—all in gold."

"That is well; it will occupy less space. Here is my leather purse, stuffed as well; but I have more money to stow away than you—wishes I had ten times the sum."

The two men walked on, side by side, without saying much. Presently Moses asked:

"Anything ailing you, mate?"

"I'm crying. I can't help it. The poor widow and children. Poor things! Poor things," said Philip Hart.

"But bless me, you are not dead."

"No, but you see, this is something like being present at one's own funeral. There is the savings of fifteen years—here a little, there a little, spared—and now I am committing it to the earth, and don't know if I shall ever see it again."

"Hope for the best. I've already heard of something."

"What's that?"

"Well, there are granite works at St. Beward. I'd rather do proper mining than quarrying; but if the mining is dead or dying, then I must not be nice, and take up what I can."

"It's lowering for a miner to turn quarryman," said Philip. "I'd go abroad. I have heard of poor miners, poor when they went out, returning rich as dukes."

"I do not care to be rich as a duke, only well enough to have a house—"

"And wife of my own, eh?"



"WHAT WE HAVE
WE'LL HOLD."

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Montreal.

Moses did not answer. The two men had now come out upon the moor where stood Hangman's Cross.

"Keep to the right," said Philip, "or you'll get half-way up your calves in the bog."

There was a small crescent moon, very silvery and very slight, affording just sufficient light to enable the two men to see their way, and to distinguish the disfigured cross that rose before them.

"How much have you got to put away?" asked Moses.

"Weigh it," answered Philip, and passed the bag to his comrade.

"It is heavy."

"Aye—a hundred pounds."

"I shouldn't suppose you could have saved so much. You were rather a drinking man."

"Ah, appearances were against me!" said Philip.

"And you are not afraid of leaving a hundred pounds here?"

"Not I. But I should be afraid were it a bank."

Hart removed a short crowbar from his shoulder.

"Now see this," said he. "There is one of the stones at the base of this old cross is loose."

Philip Hart produced a small lantern and struck a light, then kindled the wick within, and threw his jacket over the lantern.

"We must not show a light," said he, "but we shall need one. There is not enough moon to serve our purpose, and what there is is winking through yon thorn bush, confusing rather than illuminating."

Hart went down on his knees, on the side of the cross away from the well, and then, disclosing the light of his lantern, sought out a loose joint in the blocks that formed the base of the cross. Having discovered what he sought, he inserted the end of his bar and with very little trouble worked it in sufficiently to lever out the block. Then he thrust his lantern to the opening, and the ray entered and revealed a cavity in the midst of the pedestal.

"There, Moses!" laughed he. "You see the nest is empty. There is no fiery serpent here. I warrant you the monks of old hid their treasure here and then set a going the story of the dragon to frighten folk off from looking here for what was concealed."

"Very like," said Fewins.

"Count your sovereigns," said Philip; "because if I'm to be responsible for them, I'd like to know they were right."

"Oh! right they are," answered Moses; and undoing his little bag he poured out the gold before the eyes of Hart.

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Accordingly Fewins started from the widow's house with a bag in his pocket that contained five-and-twenty pounds. At a corner, according to arrangement, he met Philip Hart.

"Brought your money?" asked Philip. "How much?"

"Five-and-twenty sovereigns."

"Any silver?"

"None—all in gold."

"That is well; it will occupy less space. Here is my leather purse, stuffed as well; but I have more money to stow away than you—wishes I had ten times the sum."

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"I do not care to be rich as a duke, only well enough to have a house—"

"And wife of my own, eh?"

Philip Hart stood considering.

Presently he said chirrily, "It's only a matter of sealing I'll wait here, and you run home and get some wax and seal your purse up like mine."

"I ain't got no wax, and if I had I ain't got no seal."

"Oh, the end o' your thumb will do for that."

"I do not care for you to remain here with the lantern so as to let folks see what we're about."

"I'll blow the light out."

"No; there is better way than that. You break the seal on your bag. That goes towards squaring us."

"If that is all, well, I'd do it to oblige you. But it ain't fair after I've took all them precautions."

"What security is there in a seal? If thieves came here and broke the monument, would they not also break the seal?"

"Well," said Philip sullenly, "if it's only a matter o' breaking the seal, I'll do that."

He knelt down, thrust his hands into the cavity and destroyed the seal.

"That won't do," said Moses. "Let me see that the seal is broken."

"There, then, you are," retorted Philip, drawing forth the little sack.

"Let me touch it."

"Oh, touch it if you will."

Moses took it up and weighed it. The bag was heavy. It contained metal. He shook it.

"It don't jingle like sovereigns," said he.

"No, 'cos I wrapped 'em up in paper," replied Hart, thrusting forth his arm to receive the sack.

"Stay a while," said Moses. "All fair. I counted all my money, and you count out yours. Then each knows what he is responsible for to the other. It would not do for you to die and me to come here to find a mine o' gold on which to support your widow and children and find only—'he had slit the bag, and out poured only pieces of lead. "Ah, Philip, only lead."

Philip stood motionless.

"After all," said Moses, "I've changed

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my mind again. I've thought of a still better bank. I've had a letter to-day from the China Clay works at Penhill, and they'll take me on there at a good wage. So I'll just ask Margaret Westaway to be my banker and wife all at once. Thank you kindly for all the trouble you've taken, Philip."

<p

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-some illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office... } No. 1709

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. II] TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1898. [No. 24

The Drama.

DOOTHY, the opera put on at the Princess this week, is known to many theater-goers, who incidentally became acquainted with it when it acted as the frame for Lillian Russell some six years ago. While it contains good enough light music and a certain amount of plot, there is nothing about it that strikes me as unusually pretty, interesting or original. One of our contemporaries compared it to the tuneful old opera *Martha*. I hope I may be forgiven if I entirely fail to see it. There are exceedingly few catchy airs in *Dorothy*, and on the whole I think it is trashy.

The most ingenious idea in the plot is the incident of the rings, which incident is older than the *Merchant of Venice*. *Dorothy* is hardly worth a revival to my mind, but other people may think differently.

The Cummings Opera Company is the best organization that ever sang light opera here at popular prices, and it is a large improvement over many that have sung at "unpopular" prices. People will patronize cheap comic opera and enjoy it if they get rid of the idea that in attending it they are performing an act of charity. But otherwise, the average man is apt to say charity begins at home, and to stay there. The principals in *Dorothy* are all good in their respective lines—when they know them, which was not quite always the case—Frederic Solomon being as funny as we have a right to expect him to be. Mr. Wilke acts well and has a splendid voice, but he sang flat on Monday night; Mr. Blake's tenor showed to better advantage in *The Mandarin*. Miss Nettie Marshall, who was one of the principals in Mr. Ralph Cummings' comedy company, remains with the opera company. She still has that broad smile with her. I was half afraid at first that it might have gone to Detroit with the properties of the other company, but no, oh joy! it is to sing comic opera. Miss Marshall has not had a singing part as yet, so we don't know what she can do in that line, but she acts as vivaciously as ever, and that goes a long way before it's time to come back for tea.

The Yellow Kid of the yellow New York Journal has been the source of inspiration for the heavy tragedy entitled *McFadden's Row of Flats*, this week running to crowded houses at the Toronto. Like its predecessor, *Hogan's Alley*, it is a conglomeration of more or less amusing nonsense, interspersed with specialties more or less clever. The cast includes the four emperors of music, Speck brothers (two most remarkable midgets), the Imperial Brass Band in brass band choruses (whatever they are), and Irish, Dutch, negro and Bowery comedians. There is much that is laughable in *McFadden's Row of Flats*, and the sparring but between the two dwarfs is almost startlingly unique.

M. Dubout, the author of *Frédégonde*, a play produced last year at the Comédie Française, has finally won his case against M. Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Jules Lemaître, dramatic critic of the *Revue*, sharply criticized M. Dubout's play. The author wrote a long letter on the subject to M. Brunetière who refused to insert it. M. Dubout then took action and was defeated, but appealed with success. M. Brunetière has been condemned by the Chamber of Correctional Appeals to pay fifty francs damages, and to publish the full reply of M. Dubout to M. Lemaître's criticism of his play. After the decision M. Dubout informed M. Brunetière that there was no necessity to print the reply to the criticism, as he was fully satisfied at having gained his point in establishing the principle of the right of answer.

The latest novelist to join the ranks of the dramatists is John Oliver Hobbes. She has written a new sentimental comedy for Mr. George Alexander entitled *The Ambassador*. Mrs. Craigie has already provided Miss Ellen Terry with a charming part in a little one-act play, written in collaboration.

Mrs. Fiske has entered upon the third week of *Love Finds the Way*, and a Bit of Old Chelsea, and the fifth week of her second annual engagement at Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, and her success is so great that she will fill out the regular season at that house.

Miss Viola Allen would not play the heroine of Anthony Hope's *Phrao*, as, according to rumor, she is unwilling to appear in the costume of a Greek boy. This is an unusual reason for an actress to give, but Miss Allen is a woman of unusual strength of character.

Willis' Dramatic School is established at 114 Yonge street, under the principalship of Mr. Ernest Willis, an actor of long experience with many of the leading organizations of England, Australia and the

United States. His announcement will be found in another column.

It is announced that Julia Arthur's marriage will not cause her to abandon the stage. On the contrary, her brother, Mr. Arthur Lewis, is actively engaged in preparation for her next season, when she will appear in several Shakespearean plays.

Viola Allen will star next season in a dramatization of Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*. Mary Hampton has also left Charles Frohman's management and will star with a company of her own.

James Doel, now ninety-four years of age, is believed to be the oldest living actor in England. He was a general utility man, and acted in minor parts with the elder Kean.

Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed* has been done into a moribund sketch and acted by Courtenay Thorpe as a curtain-raiser in London.

Fabio Romani, a romantic melodrama now in its eighth successful year, will be next week's attraction at the Toronto Opera House.

Charles Coghlan in *The Royal Box*, of which we have heard so much, is billed for the Grand the first three nights of next week.

Mr. Lorimer Stoddard is busy dramatizing *Vanity Fair* for Minnie Maddern Fiske, who will, of course, play Becky Sharp.

The Cummings Opera Company will sing *Gilbert and Sullivan's masterpiece, the Mikado*, at the Princess next week.

Sporting Comment.

STEAGRAM'S slashing two-year-olds were introduced to the Woodbine course on Wednesday for the first time, and nothing but words of praise was heard of them. Two of them, Sudden and Galahad, are nearly sixteen hands high and might almost be taken for four-year-olds instead of youngsters which only a short time ago were running by the side of their dams. Curfew Bell may be easily picked out by any one who ever saw her great sire, *Pharaoh*, for she gallops like him and has his same grand size and handsome color. Havoc is in the pink of condition and, although he carries heavy weight in the Suburban Handicap, is thought to have a fair chance.

He was third last year, with light weight up, to Ben Brush and The Winner. Sardonyx, the Queen's Plater, by Saragossa, that is being much talked of, seems to have his sire's gameness, but so far has not developed any phenomenal speed. Charles Boyle, Jr., has two Platters, Dunmire and Toronto. Dunmire is by Uncas and must be a grand colt, or else Toronto is a very bad one, for the chestnut has not been able to reach him in any of the trials. On Tuesday Dunmire ran a capital trial at six furlongs, going the last quarter of the journey in 25 seconds. Mr. D. T. Murray, the well known turf correspondent, now in the South, writes that fully one hundred and fifty horses will be sent here and others are coming from the east and west. The Woodbine track is in first-class condition and all the stables are in readiness for the horses that are to come. Edward Corrigan will ship seven thoroughbreds here in about a week, among them Geyser, a good winner last year. Mr. Seagram has decided to exhibit *Morpheus* at the Horse Show.

The cricket clubs of Vancouver are jubilant over the many new players from Ontario and England now settled in that city. Some strong elevens will be found on the Coast this summer. The Vancouver Cricket Club gave a ball last week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Sweeny, and there was a large turnout of the leading people, not only of Vancouver, but from Westminster. The club has large tennis courts.

On Monday evening the Clinton Cricket Club will give a farewell supper to Mr. F. W. Terry on the eve of his departure for McGill College, Montreal. The Clinton Club has elected these officers: Hon. president, Mr. George D. McTaggart; hon. vice-president, Mr. Richard Ransford; president, Mr. T. Jackson, Jr.; vice-president, Mr. Lack Kennedy; secretary-treasurer, Mr. F. R. Hodges. I am requested to state that the secretary will be pleased to hear from Toronto and other clubs in regard to matches. The Forest cricketers are also looking for games, and promise a hearty welcome to any touring eleven that may visit them. The Owen Sound, Brampton, Peterborough, and in fact all the old line clubs are reorganized. Berlin, Guelph and Galt have clubs, and it will be unfortunate if Woodstock and Stratford cannot have clubs this year, as, I think, Toronto cricketers and out-of-town players would be glad to include those towns in their tour or in the home-and-home series of club matches.

Last Saturday night the Toronto Canoe Club entertained their members and lady friends at a very enjoyable affair. The programme opened with an exhibition of stereopticon views entitled *Camp Life by Light*. These were under the able direction of Mr. John Miller, a member of the club, who gave a running account of his various adventures in his canoe, "Mr. Micawber." The slides were very fine and were greatly enjoyed by the audience, as was also the description. A brief musical programme followed, in which Miss Kleiser, Mr. Wenborne, Miss Lena Hayes, Mr. Owen Smily and Miss Bessie Bonsall took part. It is hardly necessary to say that each number on this short programme was a gem, as the names speak for this fact. This was Miss Bessie Bonsall's last appearance before leaving for England, and the Toronto Canoe Club feel highly flattered at being so favored. An informal dance followed, which was kept up just long enough to allow those present to get home before Sunday. Taking it all round, the evening was one of the most successful affairs

ever given by the Toronto Canoe Club, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the very large number present.

There seems to be a tendency to larger gears than ever on bicycles this year, both for the ordinary slow-going citizen and the racing man. Low frames have come in again and saddles are ridden lower this year than heretofore. A very comfortable position is possible on the '98 wheel with a reach not too long, and handles that curve up and allow the hands to rest on them easily and naturally. The racing position will probably be well forward, so as to get the work on the big gears well underneath. Handles will not be dropped as much as before; in fact, Michael seems to be the model to which sprinters and racing men generally have, to an extent, conformed. It is funny to see how the styles in bicycles keep alternating between high and low frames. This year they are low; last year and the year before one rode as high a frame as one could well straddle. The year before that low frames were in vogue, and so on back to the historic "ice wagon." The drop bracket is the chief feature of the improvements in the style of frame of the last couple of seasons, and now this promises to become exaggerated. I hear some wheels will be made this year with a four or even five inch drop and thirty inch wheels to make up.

The Landlord.

Why Will he not Paper the Drawing-Room and Paint the House-Front?

THE landlord is an interesting study in all countries. In Toronto he owns little land but one or more houses, and in the month of April his tenants get even with him for all that

they suffer through being dependent upon him. The landlord is a most unreasonable person. If he has an empty house to dispose of he will spend no end of money in fixing it up, but if it is occupied by tenants who will probably remain in it, he can seldom be induced to make even the most necessary repairs. The tenant may coax until he is tired, but the landlord puts him off; and, if finally, the tenant becomes angry and declares that unless the hall is papered anew and the front repainted he will move out, the landlord gets on his dignity and sends a man to hang a card in the window inviting people to call and inspect the house with a view to renting it. Then the tenant must yield or move. Probably he moves, and then the landlord, to get a new tenant, paints the house, repapered not only the hall, but nearly the whole house; also puts on a new roof and re-floors the cellar. The new tenant, after all the trouble he has occasioned, may only keep the house for a month or two and then move away in the night without having paid rent. The house may then remain empty for a year. In fact, it is not necessary to conceal the truth, which is that I am speaking of a real house and a real landlord. The original tenant had occupied it for five years and asked for certain repairs, which were denied; he moved; the landlord was then compelled to make very extensive repairs, costing three times as much as the original tenant asked for; the new tenant remained two months, paid no rent, and moved in the night; the house then remained empty for more than a year. But the landlord has learned nothing from the experience, save that new tenants must be made to pay in advance. He has not, for instance, discovered that it is cheaper to gratify the whims of a good tenant than to fish for another like him.

Now was that landlord foolish only, for did his original tenant much harm. That hapless person left a house that entirely suited him (if papered and painted a bit), and tried in vain to settle down somewhere, only to find that his days of penury were gone. No other house could be had that possessed the merits of the one he had left, or, at least, so his family declared. His wife accused him of causing them to be turned out in the street through the harshness of his temper, which led to a quarrel with that landlord, who, experience makes plain, is as good as any other. This unfortunate original tenant may in the end desert his wife, for she goes him by saying that a man who, in paying rent twelve times a year for five years, could not get on sufficiently good terms with his landlord to get a little repairing done, must be deficient in good sense or good-fellowship. I merely point this out to show how it is possible for happy families to be broken up by the thoughtless conduct of landlords who do not realize their responsibility in this

regard.

But the landlord who evades his tenants in the springtime is the worst. Telephone him and you are told that he is out; call at his office and you are told that he is out of town; write to him and you get no reply; meet him on the street and he will promise to call at your house at nine a.m. next day—but you know that he will not, and he knows that you know that he will not.

He is a man of experience, and he knows that if he can put you off until house-cleaning time is past he will be safe. If he is agent for a big company that manages a hundred houses he will promise you everything and really give you nothing, for you are only one of a hundred pursuers, and he can save a thousand dollars by dodging when he can and blarneying when he must.

He takes his holidays in January and February so as to be strong and fresh for the battle-royal of house-cleaning time. Talk about landlordism in Ireland!

The housekeepers of Toronto could make the Irish weep with a plain statement of wrongs as they exist here.

"No, I don't think so," said Wilkins. "You'll be sorry if you miss this," I insinuated.

"Well, old man, it's like this. I promise to go out with the wife to see some friends of ours that night, and I'd hate to—er—er—say, what night is it on?"

"Saturday night."

"Pshaw! that's too bad. Any other night in the week, now, I'd have only been too glad to have gone. But my wife, as I say—"

Jenkins is a fellow that always has money to spend and I went over to his place after tea.

"Where are you going Saturday night?" I asked. I was now wise enough to cut off their escape in this direction, at least.

"I dunno," said Jenkins. "Why?"

I told him.

"Sorry, old man," said he, "but I haven't got a cent this week."

"I'll postpone the affair till next week if you like."

"All right. Come around next week."

"No," said I, "but I tell you what I'll do. I give you a ticket now and you can pay me next week."

But he wouldn't.

"No," he said, "I wouldn't miss this for the world, but it's a matter of principle. Years ago my father gave me his blessing and sent me out into the world. 'Never get into debt,' said he; those were his very words."

Jackson said, "My boy, if this was four years ago I'd have bought one like Wink."

I said I was sorry I had not thought to ask him sooner.

"Yes," he said. "I was a terror after them things at one time, but I swore off for four years ago. They were getting too firm a grip on me."

Some people, I believe, could make a fortune rough-casing bird-cages. They have the subtle persuasive power of making people pay for things they don't want. I can't. I gave two tickets away, tore up four and took the rest back, paying for the others out of my own pocket. There is only one way to succeed in peddling tickets. Buy them from every fellow that comes along. Then when you have any to sell, push them off on the fellows that sold them to you. You may catch them and you may not, but it's a losing business whichever way you look at it. S. H.

The Art of It.

I was an evil hour when I consented to take a dozen tickets for the seventy-first Annual At Home of the Bucolic Association Lodge No. 19, and attempt to force them on my friends.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Smith. I trembled instinctively. I felt what was coming. "I'll take a ticket from you if you'll buy a ticket for the Spelling Club's smoker." He smiled fiendishly as he said it; he knew he had me.

I caught Jones on his way to lunch. "What kind of a shine is it going to be?" asked Jones.

"Oh, social time," said I.

"I don't go much on social times myself," said Jones.

"There'll be some music," said I.

"Will there be any athletic work at all?" asked Jones.

"Well, no, you know; at an At Home, you know—it's not customary."

"Oh, well," said Jones, "this listening to fellows and people singing ain't the thing for me."

"Do you want to buy a ticket for an At Home?" said I.

Through the Long Nights.

W. D. Ellwanger in the Pall Mall Magazine.

THROUGH the long nights how hard to woo is sleep! The hours drag slowly on, the minutes only creep; Time's store of sand runs out but grain by grain—Will slumber never come to break the endless train?

The clock, for answer, still its weary tale recites

Through the long nights.

Through the long nights how sorrow claims its own! How daylight's coward grieves troop 'round us then alone!

The still, small voice, which worldly turmoil drowned!

There, in the solemn darkness has it waked to sound.

'Tis this which stirs our stubborn hearts, and sleep affrights

Through the long nights.

The Anglo-American Alliance.

It says to the Old Mother Land,
"At last."
After long years of unceasing strife
With the foes that have envied thy life,
The goal of your efforts is now within view,
Your race is united with power to do;
United in bonds that time cannot sever,
United for Freedom and Justice forever—
"At last."

It says to the mighty République,
"Stand fast!"
Stand by the race from which you have sprung,
Whose glorious deeds your fathers have sung,
Whose blood in your veins is bounding with pride
And should never be shed in foul fratricide;
Thy Mother bids welcome with wide-open door,
And now thou art back by her side once more—
"Stand fast!"

It says to our own loved Dominion,
"You're in."
Be your proud place the keystone between
The two greatest powers that ever have been;
Be your wheat-fields and mines their base of supply,
When they stand 'gainst the world to conquer or die,
With one hand to the left and one to the right,
Cement them together in still greater might—
"You're in."

It says to our far-scattered race,
"Come in,"
From the land of the Nile and Soudan,
Broad Australia and far Hindustan;
From the Southern Cape and the Isles of the Sea,
From each land where our banner flies o'er the free,
From each spot where the sun in his course looks down
On a Saxon striving for bread or renown—
"Come in."

It says to the war-dogs of Europe,
"Take care!"
Your days as oppressors have ended;
Henceforth will the weak be defended,
Never again will a Poland be sundered,
Nor child of the Cross be hunted and plundered;
You may grow, gnash your teeth and rage if you will,
But a Master is here who bids you be still—
"Take care!"

It says to the Nations of Earth,
"Beware!"
The Stars and Stripes and the three-fold Cross
Are dear to a people who count no loss
Of blood and of treasure too great in the fight
For Freedom, for Justice, for Truth and for Right.
Their union foretells who the victors will be
When great Armageddon downcloses on thee—
"Beware!"

H. J. P.

Forest, Ont., April 26, 1898.

Her First Dinner.

A DEBUTANTE'S INFELICITY.

Characters:

MARIAN ASHURST A Debutante
MR. VAN LUYDAM BEEDAM, A Society Man
JACK MISS ASHURST'S Brother
ALICE A friend

SCENE—A coupe, in which the debutante, a bewildering mass of white satin and soft furs, is being driven rapidly to her destination.

DEBUTANTE [in a funk]—Oh, dear, how cold my hands are! And my throat's so dry I have to swallow every five seconds. I've forgotten all Jack's advice, too. What shall I do? Good gracious, here we are! [Breathes a silent prayer, grabs her gloves, fan, etc., frantically, and vanishes within a brilliantly lighted mansion.]

LACEY—[opening door]—Second floor, front, please.

[Debutante rushes past him up the stairs, fearful of being late, and hurries into the dressing-room. Perceives several figures in dainty gowns, but brushes by them, oblivious of everything.]

ALICE [out two years]—Why, Marian, don't you know me? Is this your first dinner? Aren't you frightened? But no, you look as calm as an old campaigner. I want you to meet Miss —. [Introduces her to the others.]

DEBUTANTE [bowing and smiling nervously]—I am glad you think, Alice, I look calm. Frankly, it's all I can do to keep my teeth from chattering.

ALICE—What nonsense! But what are we waiting for? Let's go down. [The debutante trails reluctantly in the rear.]

VOICES—How do you do? How are you? Let me present—. Allow me to introduce, etc.

HONESTNESS—Ah! Miss Ashurst! So glad to see you! Allow me to present Mr. Van Luydam Beedam.

MISS ASHURST [who wonders vaguely why she thinks at that moment of JACK in one of his tempers]—How do you do?

MR. VAN LUYDAM BEEDAM—Miss Ashurst, I believe I have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner.

[Miss Ashurst is saved the awkwardness of a reply by dinner being announced.]

MR. VAN LUYDAM BEEDAM [to himself]—She's pretty, but, Jove! I shall have to wring every word out of her. I know that sort. [Aloud.] Let us consider, Miss Ashurst, that we have discussed all the usual topics—the weather, the opera, the last new book—and let's promote ourselves to more intimate understanding and discuss each other. We will each give a personal sketch. Now you begin.

MISS ASHURST [when nobody could put at her ease]—No, please, I can't, really; you begin. [Finds that she is the last girl to draw off her gloves, and tugs away frantically.]

MR. VAN LUYDAM BEEDAM [resignedly]—Well, I'll account for myself, so as to give you courage. I am nothing if not commonplace. I live in a most respectable quarter of the town, with a most unimpeachable parent, and all my surroundings from childhood have been of an extreme propriety and spotless virtue.

MISS ASHURST [to herself]—Heavens! I've used some other fork instead of the oyster-fork! What shall I do? I'm sure he saw it. [Aloud.] Tell me some more—do.

MR. VAN LUYDAM BEEDAM [dattered]—Such environments ought to have been my ruin, but I was far too lazy, and I am at present merely a harmless butterfly.

[Looks at his companion and encounters a stony stare of horror. What can be the matter with her? Is she ill?]

thing else to tell. To herself.] Oh! where is my slipper? I kicked it off because it hurt, and now I can't find it. [Peers desperately under the table.]

MR. VAN LUYDAM BEEDAM—Have you dropped your glove, or anything? Let me get it. [Stoops down.]

MISS ASHURST [to herself]—He must not find it! [Aloud.] No, indeed, here they both are. [Holds her gloves up eagerly.]

[She sees her hostess give the signal for departure. She must conceal her loss. Nods adieu to MR. VAN LUYDAM BEEDAM and finds out to her cost that there is a difference between a French heel and no slipper.]

MR. VAN LUYDAM BEEDAM [to himself], as he lights a cigar and sighs contentedly—I wonder if that waltz of hers is natural, or cultivated?

SCENE.—The drawing-room. The gentlemen have joined the ladies, and the talk flows on smoothly. The door is opened, and on the threshold appears the rigid figure of the butler, bearing a tray on which a white satin slipper (surely a No. 5) rests conspicuously. Tableau.]

SCENE.—Miss Ashurst's home. Time—midnight.

MRS. ASHURST [comforting a weeping figure]—Don't cry, Marian. The first plunge is always the coldest.

MISS ASHURST [between sobs]—Oh—mum—mum—mum—Is there—there—any biscuits—in the house?

[Curtain.] —Life.

A Crisis in the Family.

WHERE'S the boy?" enquired Mr. Spadina cheerily, and it occurred to him that it was about time for his seven-year-old son to bid him good-night.

"The boy," replied Mrs. Spadina severally, "is in bed."

"Not sick?"

"No. He's not sick," said Mrs. Spadina in a tone that implied something even worse. "I've been waiting for an opportunity to tell you all about it, but have not had a chance until now. It just means this, that we must move away from this neighborhood—it's no place to bring up a boy and I just won't stand it. We must get a house in Parkdale or Rosedale or some part of the city where Harold will have nice children to play with."

"But what's the matter?" asked the husband with concern. "What has happened?"

"Well, I'm telling you just as fast as I can. This afternoon Harold had just got home from school when the door-bell rang. I was in the hall and answered the door myself, for I saw a boy there. On opening the door the boy said to me, 'Please, can Mike come out to play ball?' I told him that we had no Mike here and said he had called at the wrong house. 'No,' he said, 'I mean Mike, you know, your boy, Mike. I guess you call him Harold,' he said. Now what do you think of that? Well, you may be sure I told that boy what I thought of him, and began to whimper and said that Harold had licked him—that's just what he said—Harold had licked him yesterday for not calling him Mike, and everybody called him Mike at school. And it's worse than that, for they call him Mike Spad—not Harold Spadina, but Mike Spad."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Spadina.

"I marched out into the dining-room where Harold was eating some bread and butter," continued Mrs. Spadina, "and I went for him, and do you know that child sat up in his chair and said that he'd rather be called Mike than Harold, and that since his chums have started to call him Mike the other gang's afraid of him. Well, I just like Mike Spad-ed him with a strap and sent him off to bed at five o'clock, and he's there yet. Mike Spad," she added with intense feeling on each repulsive word.

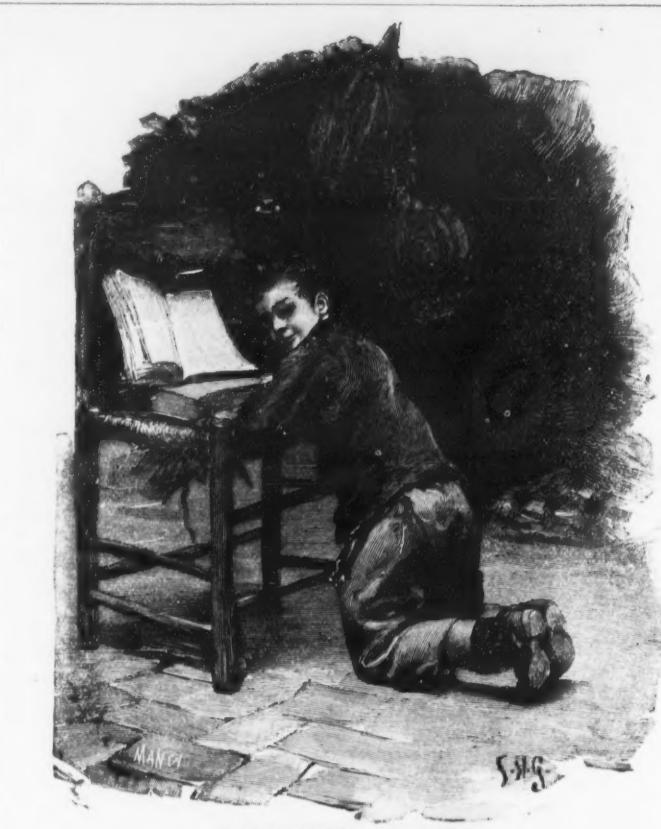
"The little scamp," exclaimed Mr. Spadina.

"We have been talking of getting a better house in some other part of the city for a long time," said Mrs. Spadina, "and I'm sick and tired of this place. We can't send him over to that school any more."

MISS ASHURST [who shivers at the mere mention of food]—What an idea! I've eaten enormously.

MR. VAN LUYDAM BEEDAM [to himself]—Jove! That's another. [Aloud.] Aren't you going to throw any more light on your character?

MISS ASHURST—No, really, there is no



A DOUBTFUL DEVOTEE.

longer—with its rowdy names, and its gangs, and its fighting. Harold has clearly been fighting, for the boy said as much."

The father was looking silently at the ceiling and puffing at his evening cigar. He generally thought masters over before giving his decision, and Mrs. Spadina cautiously went upstairs, where she found the formidable Mike Spad sound asleep with the clothing kicked off him.

And Mr. Spadina blew a whiff from his cigar and said, "At school they used to call me Bump." And presently he smiled, and knocking the ash off his cigar he chuckled: "There's good stuff in Mike. I wonder how big that boy was that he walloped?"

And the important point is that of the son, the mother and the father, one was as true to human nature as either of the others.

MACK.

Senor Sagasta.

A Pen Picture.

FROM 1856 to 1870 Spain saw stirring times, and had various forms of government, and through all the changes Sagasta, the present Premier of Spain, never lost sight of himself nor misunderstood the situation. In 1865 the members of the Radical Committee were holding a meeting, when the police broke in, forced them into the street, and they were shot. A writer in the *Outlook* describes the Liberal leaders who remained. Honest, single-hearted, stupid old Espartero; rough-tongued, turbulent Prim; dignified, well-meaning Serrano, and the rest of them, were splendid revolutionary figureheads; but most of the thinking and planning was done by two men of much higher gifts. One of them was Zorilla, as pure a patriot as ever lived, but too honest and consistent to be a successful politician; the other was burdened with no such unpractical scruples. He was a stilly built, frog-faced man, with a strong jaw, a wide, insincere smile; black filmy eyes, as of an Arab or a Gipsy; the gibbous, the expansive manner, and the exuberant gesture of the South; the man of crafty brain, elastic principles, and deep worldly wisdom who is now Prime Minister of Spain under a Bourbon King, as profoundly distrusted by Radicals as was Lord Palmerston when he led and laughed at the Liberal party in England.

But Sagasta had other recommendations besides his vast astuteness. He was a man of action as well as a man of thought; and, above all, he was as brave as a lion and as supple as a serpent. He had commanded a regiment of militia and had fought against the troops of O'Donnell in the streets of Madrid in 1856; as a lad of eighteen, when a student in the College of Engineers at Logrono, his native place, he had dared to withstand the beasts of the dreaded Narvez. Like his father before him, he had suffered exile and persecution for the cause of progress. So, though he still clammed and stormed in *La Iberia*, of which he was editor, and organized collections and demonstrations for the victims of the "night of St. Daniel," when the time came for fighting he was ready to take his share. In the summer of 1866 the attempted revolution in the streets of Madrid ended in a massacre, Sagasta with difficulty escaped, and he, the fiery tribune of the people, the brain and tongue of armed revolt against tyranny, was condemned in his absence to the vile death of the garrote. Thenceforward, for two years, London, Paris and Ostend were the centers of the revolution, and a certain restaurant in Bishopsgate street could tell some strange stories, if walls were vocal. . . . Finally, when Topete and the fleet had been won over, and most of the army was squared, the signal was given. Sagasta and Zorilla, with Prim as a servant in livery, sailed under feigned names in the steamer Delta from London to Gibraltar early in September, 1868. The revolution was successful almost beyond the most sanguine expectations. Who, amongst those who saw it, will ever forget the scene when Serrano and Sagasta together entered Madrid in triumph?

Since then his action has been consistently the same. Old friends have fallen away from him, and revile him, but he knows full well that, however extreme a politician may be in Opposition, the successful statesman is always an opportunist in office. The first duty of a soldier is to prevent himself from being killed; and

slow steps, taking twelve years to gain his captaincy in the Royal Engineers. In 1882 he entered the new Egyptian army when General Sir Evelyn Wood began its reorganization. His unusual knowledge of native languages and character brought him on, and in 1885 he was sent ahead of Lord Wolseley to deal with the native chiefs and officials whose attitude was uncertain. He distinguished himself in the fighting between the Dervishes and the Egyptians, which has been going steadily on for years, and won his promotion to the post of commander-in-chief of the Egyptian forces by sheer work. His campaigns for the recovery of the Sudan have been distinguished by the economy with which the most had been made of small means, and by the absolute care with which every detail was thought out.

Wines for the Sedentary.

GLANCING the other day over a little book which had just appeared on wines, we observed without surprise that its author had avoided any discussion on the effect of different wines on health. Writers on wine always make that omission, says the *London Spectator*. Because teetotalers condemn all wines as containing alcohol, those who admire wine prize all wines as equally beneficial, which is by no means the case, at least for "sedentary persons"—that is, for three-fourths of all those who live by the exercise of their brains. Men who work with their hands all day, or who live eight hours of the twenty-four in the open air, may, if otherwise decently healthy, drink, as they may also eat, what they like in moderation; but the sedentary should exercise more discrimination. For them, at all events, fermented liquors are not in the least alike. Beyond a table-spoonful of good liqueur brandy—all cheap brandies are poisons—say once a week as a tonic, they should never touch spirits at all, for if they do they will speedily ruin their digestions besides giving them a tendency to renal disease. Beer, which, when it is good, is the most wholesome of all potations for the hard working and the active, is for the sedentary ruinous, as it over-stimulates the liver, and betrays its effect at once in bad temper, irritability, and a dyspeptic kind of sleepiness which takes the edge off mental power. Sherry, even when it is old and dry and costly, is for the sedentary as bad as beer. Port, if old and really good, is probably the healthiest, as it is the most delicious of all wines. It is not gouty, though it is believed to be so, and its evil repute arises solely from the fact that as its usual strength is to brandy as 23 to 50, it can only be drunk by the sedentary in the strictest moderation.

Three glasses a day is the utmost we should allow to a thin, pale man, and only two to one of full habit or visible rubricundity. Many men, however, it must be admitted, who work their brains, have indulged rather more than this, and yet lived in health to eighty, but they have it will be found on enquiry, drunk very little else. Cheap port is, of course, bad, being almost invariably too strong, even when it is not a decoction full of astringent matter. About champagne it is difficult to be precise, there are so many varieties of the wine, and its effect on different constitutions is so singularly unequal. As a rule, however, champagne is an unsafe wine for the sedentary, who, if they take it, should never mix it with other wines, and should especially avoid touching it except at dinner. One tumbler a day without other wine is the highest limit we should allow of champagne to a man who was not engaged in active exercise for at least three hours in the twenty-four.

The light white wines are little drunk here, and are supposed to be innocuous—a delusion unless they are taken in moderation as strict as if they were heavy wines. They never quite satisfy the palate; the temptation is to take still another glass of what seems so harmless, and a habit is set up which is nearly incurable, and which destroys the nerve and lowers the physical tone almost as badly as drinking spirits. This is most true of all the Sauternes, and least true of fine Rhine wine, though the taste for the latter, when indulged, is recognized by all German doctors as most dangerous. Its victim is apt not to know how much he takes. There remains claret, the most delightful and, in moderation, the safest of all wines, moderation meaning half a bottle a day of a fairly good brand, or if it is swallowed only with food—not after dinner, mind—possibly a little more. That is the allowance which was suggested some years ago by the committee of experienced physicians whose report was published in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine. With the exception of port, restricted as aforesaid, claret is probably the only wine which is positively beneficial to the sedentary—that is, which quickens the blood, serves as a tonic to the nerves, and acts as a fillip to jaded muscles without producing any dangerous or even perceptible reaction. Of course, the better the claret, the safer; but unless the wine is not claret at all, but grape-juice and water fortified with some raw Spanish stuff, even cheap claret is not injurious. All writers on wine abuse "Gladstone claret," partly from affectation, partly because they prefer something stronger, and partly from good taste; but the experience of millions is against them. The sober majority of France and Italy drink claret, or a "vin ordinaire" akin to it, every day through their whole lives, and suffer much less from it than Bavarians do from beer or sober Hebrideans from whisky. It may not be nice stuff to drink, but that it produces no injurious effect on health is the testimony even of those who abominate every form of alcohol, and attribute to its consumption mischiefs which are due only to its consumption in excess. In excess claret, like every other liquor, is bad for everybody, and specially bad for the sedentary, shattering the nerves, as it does, as certainly and fatally as whisky or inferior brandy.

Sir Herbert Kitchener.

him have shown a courage and discipline that could not be surpassed, and against which the fury of the Dervishes was unavailing. Kitchener began his career by



Sir Herbert Kitchener.

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Anecdotal.

The late Bill Nye was fond of telling this story of his smaller daughter: At a dinner-table one day there was a party of guests for whom Mr. Nye was doing his best in the way of entertainment. A lady turned to the little girl. "Your father is a very funny man," said she. "Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

Sarasate, the violinist, is a confirmed bachelor, and the responsibility is usually laid at Auber's door. When the latter handed Sarasate the first prize of the Paris Conservatoire, he wound up his little speech of presentation with the words: "And, above all, never marry!"—a piece of advice which Sarasate has never forgotten.

Sergeant Merewether once got into a carriage with Lord Campbell, who was then Chancellor of Great Britain and Keeper of the Great Seal, and tried to enter into conversation. Lord Campbell, however, was as uncivil as possible, saying at last: "Why, Merewether, you get worse and worse; you're as fat as a porpoise." "Fit company, my lord," was the reply, "for the Great Seal."

Senator Proctor of Vermont is a cold and dignified man, but he has a sense of humor that sometimes causes his adversaries to wince. Senator Vest of Missouri was recently delivering a speech, in the course of which he became quite impaled. He quoted two verses of poetry, which, incidentally remarked, had been set to music. "Sing it," said Mr. Proctor in his metallic way. The effect of the Missourian's remarks was totally spoiled.

Many good stories are told of Sir Richard Quain, whose social distinction had latterly overshadowed his medical reputation. One of the most characteristic of them was that of the friend-patient who was first urgently warned by Sir Richard Quain, the physician, against touching champagne or port, and shortly afterwards equally warmly urged by Sir Richard, the host, to try very special brands of those wines which he had brought out for his guests. The guest-patient laughed and drank, and pondered on the mysteries of medical advice.

The superstition attached to the number thirteen would appear to have been exemplified in the case of Mr. Woolf Joel, who was recently murdered in the Transvaal. Less than a year ago a dinner was given in London, at which Mr. Woolf Joel was present. Fourteen were invited, and thirteen sat down. After dinner, the fact that an unlucky number embraced the guests was naturally a subject of comment. Mr. Woolf Joel remarked, "They say that on an occasion like this, he who rises first dies; well, I'll try it—I'll rise first." He was as good as his word, and of the thirteen all are alive to-day but Mr. Woolf Joel.

Lord Charles Beresford in his interesting address before the boys at Harrow, about a month ago, stated that when he joined the Marlborough in 1890 a big boatswain's mate looked at him and remarked: "Here's another one. That poor little beggar ain't long for this world." The sea-airs worked wonders on young Beresford, yet the prophecy came near to being fulfilled in a most unexpected way. Off Bermuda a midshipman threw a packet of books into the sea and Beresford sprang after them. He had just been

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hauled over the side again when a huge shark fouled the boat with great violence, being apparently unable to check the swift dash with which it had made for its intended prey. Perhaps some great admirals—or the makings of them—have been eaten in their bob-veal days and never heard of more.

Captain Sigbee of the Maine is said to be quite an artist. In 1875 a modest young man called on one of the New York dailies and "submitted" some drawings, left his card and withdrew. When the package was opened the work was found to be unusually good and one of the pictures was brought out next day. It was decided to make room for the new artist on the staff of the paper, and a note was sent him bidding him report for duty on Monday morning. The reply made the editor sit up. It was as follows: "Lieutenant-Commander Charles D. Sigbee, U.S.N., sends his compliments and begs to say that as he is at present in command of a Government ship, he cannot accept the position so kindly offered."

Remarks on Sundry Fashionable Fads.

Mental, Material and Spiritual.

THE triumph of mind over matter receives its most striking illustration from the fashionable world, that part of it which doesn't often get credit for aggravated mentality. If not, how do you account for the girl who enjoys a dance in shoes a size or two smaller than her feet? She wills to wear the torturing things, she wills to forget her bunions and corns, she wills to upbear her one hundred and twenty odd pounds upon the tips of toes crushed and numbed into half their proper space, and she does it! A clear triumph of strength of mind over weakness of matter, of which one sees suggestion in every razor-toed patent-leather-tipped shoe these days.

A beautiful fad obtains just now; the out-of-door habit. The woman of to-day pines if she be obliged to remain in the house one whole day. She hates books, fancy work, music, with an irritable and impatient hatred worthy of primeval womanhood. She loves the wind among her hair, the sun and the cool fresh tingling raindrops on her face, the pulsing blood flowing quickly from the heart beating strong and even, and the voice clear, decided and ringing with energy and vitality. All this comes with the indulgence of the out-of-door habit, that love of the open with which suburban English maids used to surprise us, and with which we, in turn, may go south and amaze less energized maidens. Tennis generally led us into the open air habit, golf generally coaxed us further, and cycling completed the charm.

Fads may be fashionable in queen and otherwise unlikely quarters. Cooked risulther "five o'clock" long ere Missis succumbed to the fad of spoiling her appetite for dinner with strong tea and what Sara Bernhardt calls "the greasy abomination" buttered toast. By the way, it is a very up-to-date fad to be hungry—following upon the out-of-door habit. Formerly, it was hoydenish, verdant and eminently bad form to avow oneself hungry after grace had been said. To-day an avowal of an appetite is smart and received with approval, presupposing hours of tramping over the links or carreering about the roads on a '88 wheel—*à la mode*.

In all the ferment of restless thought which disturbs the world nowadays, the healthy, hopeful unrest that like growing-pains, tells of growth, there have developed many fads which are to be taken more or less seriously. There are women who find help and strength from the gentle teachings of some Oriental seer, and minds which enjoy probing into the dimness of occultism. It is not only among the students that one hears discussions nowadays upon psychic development, upon aura, and ego, and emanations, and objective and subjective minds, and the inner significance of paternosters, and the bold influences of a meat diet. No; one hears subjects freely discussed in women's clubs, at five o'clock teas, and even "on the Rialto" in big cities, if not in Toronto. Here there is a conservatism and an attitude of unreceptiveness which makes our women slow to change their fixed traditions, to bring their ideas on psychic matters and on diet to an up-to-date level. If you tell most Toronto women that every pound of meat they stow away hangs a veil between them and a clear insight, they laugh at you and order rare beefsteak. If you insist upon a vegetarian diet so strenuously they lay in a stock of cholera medicine and calmly await your collapse.

A fad of the hour is the crusade against ospreys and birds for the decoration of the lady-of-the-end-of-the-century's hat. This may be a good crusade, but when I hear some yearning female holding forth upon the cruelty of osprey-gathering, and then see her turn into her butcher's shop and approvingly gaze at the unfortunate little Easter lambkin, its little white woolly coat dashed with crimson life-blood, and its dainty little carcass spitted, and when my sensitive osprey dame orders a hindquarter of the poor little lamb, and later on smacks her pretty lips over it with mint sauce, I don't feel so mean about the ospreys for which I paid such a hot price, soulless wretch that I am! A real humanitarian would have to give up spring lamb as well as ospreys.

A queer fad which has sprung up since most of us were young is the wearing of what my schoolboy friend calls a purity badge. You see it—a tiny scrap of white ribbon, upon the goody-goody curate, the fat matron, the wily old maid, and I once actually saw it on an alderman, but he died. It may not strike the best minds as it does me, this little white ribbon, but it always seems to me an intense bit of bad taste. One's personal purity seems too deep a thing for that bit of white ribbon

to any way concern itself with. Sentimental women have eaten me up for objecting to it, and good young curates have rolled up their eyes in horror that so sweet an emblem should disagree with my taste. But that bit of white ribbon always offends me somehow.

I am glad I'm not a soldier! Soldiers are nice to have always ready, just as one likes to see hand-grenades, and life-preservers, and Babcock extinguishers, a fire-escapes around, but no one wants a chance to use these things. Whatever the soldiers think when war looms up suddenly on the horizon I don't know, but to the women war will always be a horror and a trial almost too hard to bear. All this war-talk to-day takes me back to the sixties in Gotham, when all I can remember is the women who wore mourning.

Everyone seemed to be in black those days! Girls wore mourning for sweethearts cut down at Gettysburg and Shendandoah and Bull's Run. Mothers wore mourning; wives trembled to buy a rose for their bouquets, seeing always widows' weeds growing. The children's prayers were whispered with tears night after night, until at last there was a wild crying and mother's arms clasping fatherless bairns, and no more prayers! This is the meaning of war to the women—the women who started that great Peace Congress in 1889—the women who have forgotten the traditions of old days, having grown beyond them, and who don't bear sons to make targets of them for any alien lead.

LADY GAY.

A Modern Conversation.

LIFE.

"I thought the bride looked well, didn't you?"

"Fairly well. But lavender is never so good as white, to my mind."

"I don't know but you are right. How much do you suppose it cost?"

"Her maid of honor told me privately it was over two hundred dollars."

"Um! It didn't look it. Who were those people on the right?"

"You mean those awful lookers?"

"Yes."

"Some of her relatives, I believe. One always has that cross to bear."

"That's so. I'm glad I didn't have to meet them. How many were there?"

"I should say two hundred at the reception, shouldn't you? Of course a lot were only asked to the church."

"Well, they didn't miss much."

"No. Still, the refreshments were fairly good."

"So so. I was dreadfully hungry."

"So was I. Did you see the presents?"

"Oh, yes. Skippy, I thought. Did you notice that plated ware?"

"Yes. They had it covered over with a rug, but I unearthed it."

"Relatives, I suppose."

"Oh yes. What did you give her?"

"An etching. I got it awfully cheap. They were selling off."

"I gave her a book. I forgot the name, but the illustrations were lovely. Books are so cheap now."

"Aren't they?"

Suffering Vanquished.

A Nova Scotian Farmer Tells How
Regained Health.

Had Suffered from Acute Rheumatism and
General Debility—Scarcely Able to Do
the Lightest Work.

From the *Acadian*, Wolfville, N.S.

One of the most prosperous and intelligent farmers of the village of Greenwich, N.S., is Mr. Edward Manning. Anyone intimate with Mr. Manning knows him as a man of strong integrity and veracity, so that every confidence can be placed in the information which he gave a reporter of the *Acadian* for publication the other day. During a very pleasant interview he gave the following statements of his severe suffering and recovery: "Two years ago last September," said Mr. Manning, "I was taken with an acute attack of rheumatism. I had not been feeling well for some time previous to that date, having been troubled with sleeplessness and general debility. My constitution seemed completely run down. Beginning in the small of my back the pain soon passed into my hip, where it remained without intermission, and I became a terrible sufferer. All winter long I was scarcely able to do any work and it was only with the acuteness of suffering that I managed to hobble to the barn each day to do my chores. I appealed to medical men for help but they failed to bring any relief. At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and with their use came a complete and lasting cure. I had not used quite three boxes when I began to feel decidedly better. I continued using them until twelve boxes had been consumed, when my complete recovery warranted me in discontinuing their use. I have never felt better than since that time. My health seems to have improved in every way. During the past summer I worked very hard, but have felt no bad effects. The gratitude I feel to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, none but those who have suffered as I have and been cured, can appreciate.

A analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SOW YOUR SWEET PEA'S EARLY.

Are unsurpassed, having been selected from the finest strains of American and English kinds. They include all the improved large-flowering varieties of recent introduction.

ROYAL PRIZE MIXTURE

3 lb., 50c.; 1 oz., 15c.; packets, 10c.

FICKFORD'S SUPERIOR MIXTURE

1 lb., 90c.; 1 lb., 15c.; packet, 5c.

By mail (post paid) to any address in Canada.

Write for our Catalogue (FREE). You will be delighted with it; tells all about the best things to grow.

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Toronto, Ont.

The Army Surgeon's Tale.

By Edwin Pugh, in "King Circumstance," a collection of short stories.

HE was in the Thirty-first. It was during the Soudanese war. I remember him well—a full private, with the blackest of records, a red-eyed, loose-lipped little cockney, with an inordinate thirst and the filthiest vocabulary. He had stood up to one-third of the men in his regiment and been thrashed every time. He was grubby, he was mean, he was vulgar. But he was a hero too, in his way. In these decadent days we can't be too particular about our heroes. It is sweet to know that Bettles was one.

The fight was virtually over and our troops were moving northward in the valley of the Nile. It was bad weather—hot, dry, demoralizing. There wasn't a sound pair of shoes in the whole camp, and no man had any skin left on his nose or neck.

Once I heard Bettles say, as he surveyed his tattered breeches: "We shall walk into Cay-airo like bloomin' Adams, from the look of it."

"Yes," said one Bander, who was the last man to trash Bettles, "an' without the fig-leaves, neither."

We were in hopes that the "Fuzzies" would trouble us no more, but they did.

One morning, as we were breaking up camp, a hard scream that we knew well rose on the heavy air, and a black, rapidly moving mass swept over the ridge of a line of hills half a mile away. The outposts had ridden in an hour before, so we were not altogether unprepared. In an instant the camp was in a state of upheaval. The Tommies grabbed their guns and scrambled to their feet, officers shouted, corporals swore; camels were kicked on to their legs; on all sides sounded the rattle of accoutrements.

KIT AND TAG.—Only one coupon between you, I think! Kit's the study best worth doing. She is forceful, ambitious, independent and affectionate, bright and animated, proud of herself and apt to idealize all her belongings. It's a crude hand, but a very strong and interesting one. Kit is likely to do the thing, while Tag's thinking of it.

E. A. B.—The study is strong, self-willed and self-respecting; firm and constant purpose, and an exceedingly practical turn are shown. Writer is tenacious and inclined to pessimism. She is not at all mature, but shows unusual character. Impatience and undue emphasis are faults which will overcome. Care and discipline will do wonders for this study.

GHACE H. H.—I think one may learn curious things from palmistry. I take it seriously. Your writing shows a quick, firm, decided mind. You are a talker, and should be rather a bright one. You have ambitions, a very clear and emphatic expression, and a strong will; temper is good, but the greater traits need a good deal of developing. You're very young.

SUSPENSE.—Graphologically you are extremely bright, clever, magnetic and dashing. There is a tendency to despise rather than to befriend; the mind is exceedingly perceptive and bright and you should be an entertaining talker. You like to make a good impression and you have a clear and reasonable sequence

Social and Personal.

Netley, the place of all others most pathetic in war-time because there is the Royal Victoria Hospital, which shelters the heroes shattered and wounded and sent home for repairs, has the honor of frequent visits from Her Majesty Queen Victoria. On her last visit, the good mother of her soldier sons was so touched at the sight of Piper Findlater's wounded feet that her eyes filled with tears, the rare and precious tears of the aged. A rumor downtown that Staff Surgeon Natress is to be sent to Netley for three months this summer for training, and also to Aldershot for ambulance practice, reminded a good many persons of Netley and the hospital. Needless to state that congratulations on this pleasant bit of news will be in order when it is officially announced.

The well known paying teller in the Bank of Montreal, Mr. Webster, has been absent for a few days on sick leave. Mr. Shaw of the same institution has almost recovered from his illness.

Mrs. Willis Campbell of Stayner, the daughter of the late Sir Cornelius Kortwright, is on a visit to Mrs. Giles of Parkdale.

To-morrow the great military church parade takes place to Massey Hall, when the various regiments and the contingent from Stanley Barracks will unite in the most impressive religious gathering of the year.

I forgot to mention last week that a pretty fur collar was picked up under the feet of the crowd on Friday, after the 18th Highlanders' entertainment. The officer who found the collar will be glad of the name of the owner.

Mr. Gates of the Bank of Montreal is still away with friends in Hamilton. I hear he has not improved in health as much as was expected.

The general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. Hayes, was in the city this week for a short time.

Mr. W. B. Caldwell of Leopold street left for Pittsburgh on Wednesday. Miss Agnes Dunlop is staying with Mrs. Caldwell.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith returned from the sea-side last week. Miss Jessie Miller, visiting friends in the East, Captain Nels of the Stanley Barracks will probably go to Winnipeg shortly. Mr. Jim Elmsley is taking a course of instruction at Stanley Barracks.

Canadian Military Tournament

AND HORSE SHOW

Armories, May 4, 5, 6 & 7

Reserve seat plan open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. at Treble's new store, cor. King and Yonge Sts. Popular Prices. Reduced Railway Rates.

MONS. MERCIER'S Grand Farewell Concert

Association Hall, Monday, May 2nd

The Leading Artists of Toronto will take part.

Miss BEVERLEY ROBINSON

Miss KATE ARCHER

Miss FANNIE SULLIVAN

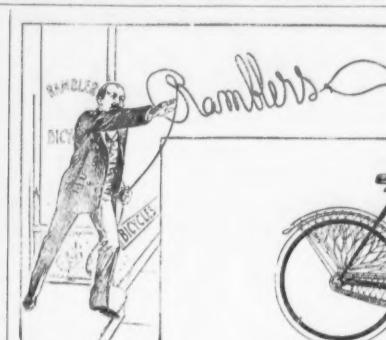
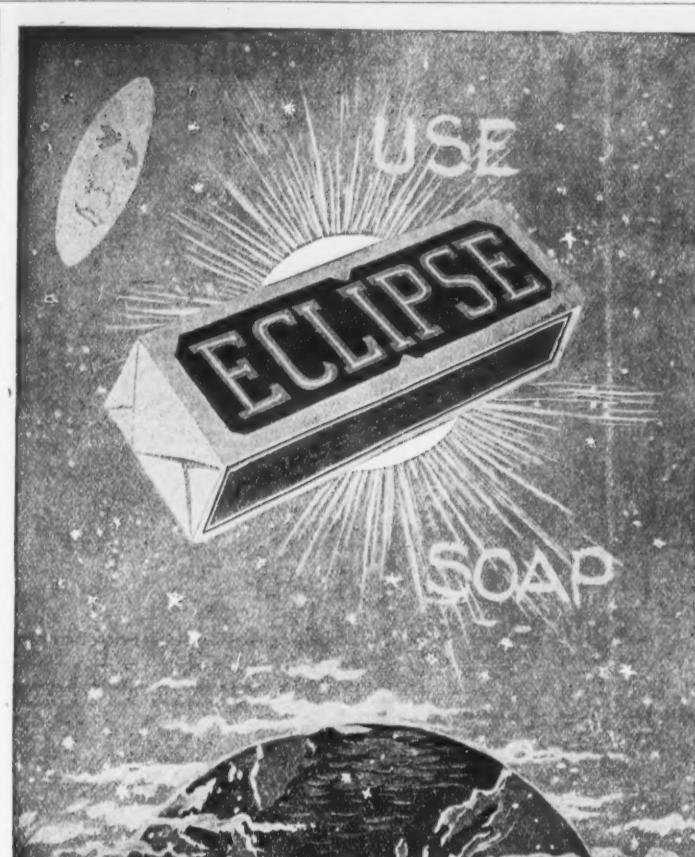
Signor DELASCO

Mr. J. H. CAMERON

Mr. BEARDMORE

Reserved seats 50 and 75c. Plan at Messrs. Mason & Riach Music Rooms, King St. West.

Nicholas Rooney
62 YONGE ST.
LACE CURTAINS
TABLE LINENS
TABLE NAPKINS
TOWELS
SHEETINGS
PILLOW COTTON
PILLOW LINEN
QUILTS
BLACK SILKS
&c., &c.



Gormully &
Jeffery Mfg. Co.
CHICAGO

RAMBLER BICYCLES
NINE MODELS-\$70IDEAL BICYCLES
EIGHT MODELS-\$30 TO \$50

BERTRAM, WILSON & CO.

Hardware and Bicycles
53 Yonge Street
Branch—161 Yonge Street

TORONTO, April 25th, 1898.

WE OFFER AT PAR, SUBJECT TO ALLOTMENT:
\$100 BONDS Interest at
5 per cent. || **\$70,000** 5 PER-CENT 20-YEAR
First Mortgage Bonds

OF THE BELLEVILLE CITY RAILROAD.
Interest payable semi-annually, on the first day of May and November. Coupons payable at the Bank of Montreal, Toronto. Bonds of the denomination of \$100 each, dated April 25th, 1898. The bonds are to be paid by First Mortgage bond, made to the Trusts Corporation of Ontario, or the entire Plant Franchise, Promissory Extensions to be made of the Belleville Traction Company, Limited, of Belleville, Ontario.

Subscriptions will be received for the above issue in amounts to suit purchasers, according to Application Blank below.

PRESENT ROAD AND EQUIPMENT, BUILT IN 1895.

Two miles of track have already been laid: the construction is first-class.

ROAD-BED.—Macadam stone ballast.

TIES.—2,640 to the mile, hemlock, cedar and tamarack, in good condition.

RAILS.—Are made of wrought iron and cross-banded every 123 feet.

POLES.—Thirty feet seven inch top cedar poles in good condition, set in rock five feet or dirt six feet, 100 feet apart on tangents, twenty feet apart on curves, all in good alignment.

OVER-HEAD CONSTRUCTION.—Span work in good condition, guy and span wire 1 in. thick and 100 feet long, three wires per span.

POWER-HOUSE PROPERTY.—The buildings are situated on the banks of the Moira River and are in good repair. The Company own the property, which includes one of the best mill sites on the River, capable of generating easily 100 H.P. for eight or nine months of the year.

The buildings on the property consist of one large brick house, 12 x 20 x 60, separated from engine room by stone wall; storeroom 10 x 15, attached to main building on square; a double two-story brick house; a one and a half story brick house.

POWER-HOUSE EQUIPMENT.—One engine compound Brown engine, 13 x 20 x 30, one independent motor, 100 H.P., two ten horse power, 62 x 11 x 32 inches; brick foundation and setting; one vertical boiler, 30 x 5; one duplex steam pump; all necessary piping, valves and belting; one Canadian G. E. generator, 100 K.W.M.P., 650 revolutions, 500 volts; one slate panel switch-board; complete, 200 amperes, 500 volts. The present power-house equipment is ample sufficient to furnish more power than is necessary for the proposed extension.

CAR EQUIPMENT.—One twenty-one feet closed motor car, equipped with two twenty-five H.P.G.E., 800 motors and two series parallel controllers. Brill No. 21 truck; one sixteen feet open motor car, 100 H.P., two ten horse power, 62 x 11 x 32 inches; brick foundation and setting; one vertical boiler, 30 x 5; one duplex steam pump; all necessary piping, valves and belting; one Canadian G. E. generator, 100 K.W.M.P., 650 revolutions, 500 volts; one slate panel switch-board; complete, 200 amperes, 500 volts. The present power-house equipment is ample sufficient to furnish more power than is necessary for the proposed extension.

FRANCHISE.—The franchise is for twenty years, with the right of renewal for twenty years, and the franchisee will be responsible for the payment of franchise fees.

TERMS.—The franchisee does not require to pay any percentage of the receipts to the City, and allows the road to cease operations during the months of December, January, February and March, if not considered paying by the management. The charter gives the Company permission to run excursion boats.

BONDS.

The proceeds of the sale of bonds are to be used in building three miles of extensions, purchasing closed and open cars of the latest improved pattern, to accommodate the increased business of the Company, and to keep the road in repair, to present two miles with steel rails, building a dam across the River Moira, paying off a floating indebtedness, and either purchasing or leasing thirty acres of land and fitting up for a park, as hereafter mentioned.

EXTENSIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

It is proposed to extend the line from Front Street West to the proposed Park and Cemetery, which is now nearly the whole way, through a thickly settled section, and will have on the route the Government Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Mineral Baths and the Agricultural Grounds.

There are no parks at present in Belleville, but within three miles from the centre of the city, on the shore of the Bay of Quinte, is situated the Belleville Cemetery. Adjoining the Cemetery is the lake side, which is selected about thirty acres for a park, one of the most charming spots on the bay. This thirty acres is to be fitted up with half-mile horse and bicycle track, cricket crease, lacrosse and base-ball grounds. A large pavilion for refreshments and general amusements is to be built.

RECEIPTS.

At present, only two miles of track being laid, with termini at the railroad depot and steamboat dock, the residential portion of the city is not reached, and the receipts are derived from these connections only.

As shown by the books of the Company, from this patronage was derived for the two complete years it has been in operation \$1,138.42, an average per year of \$5,691.21.

It is estimated that the revenue to be derived from the extension—

Park and cemetery only estimating twenty days for special attraction—

1,000 and 1,500 attendance.

Car service—

Average daily attendance to park and cemetery, May to Oct., 130 days, 3,900.00

Ordinary traffic outside of park and cemetery, per day, \$7.50, 360 days, 2,250.00

\$16,939.21

As shown by the books of the Company, the running expenses for the two years have been per year \$4,096.00

Additional expenses for the new increased car service \$326.00

Contingencies 1,248.00

Net, after paying all charges 1,000.00

\$7,220.00

When the dam is built (which it is proposed doing at once) it will save \$8 per day in fuel, for eight months at least, say 260 days.

1,600.00

\$5,620.00

The estimate, which has been carefully gone into, is very conservative and based on the lowest possible results, shows a net profit of \$11,339.21

Interest on \$70,000 issue of five per cent. bonds 3,500.00

\$7,839.21

We have carefully examined the above figures and certify that the receipts for the last two years are correct, also believe that the estimate as to future earnings and expenses are conservative. (Signed) S. LAZIER, Local Master of the Supreme Court.

Dated Belleville, April 1st, 1898. CAMERON BROWN, Manager of the Daily Sun Publishing and Printing Co.

JOHN J. B. FLINT, City Engineer.

DAVID B. ROBERTSON, City Clerk.

BELLEVILLE.

The City of Belleville, in the County of Hastings, with a population of about 12,000, is situated on the Bay of Quinte, about 12 miles from Toronto and 200 from Montreal.

It is a thickly settled place, surrounded by excellent farming lands, and has one of the best markets in the Province.

The buildings are principally of brick and stone, the private residences being superior to those in places of much larger size.

It has an excellent system of water supply, gas and electric light.

Shops of the Grand Trunk Railway are situated here, Belleville being a divisional point on the road.

The railway depot is located at the North-East part of the City, about one and one-half miles from the main center of Front Street (the principal business thoroughfare), and is about two miles from the steamboat dock.

The following places are worthy of notice: Three Colleges, one Government Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, three High Schools, three Foundries, two Canning Factories, four Flour Mills, one Tinware Factory, three Cabinet Factories, one Furniture Factory, one Paper Mill, one Carriage Factory and one Woolen Mill.

Yours truly, E. L. SAWYER & CO.

WYATT & CO., Members of Toronto Stock Exchange.

FORM OF APPLICATION

Wyatt & Co., OR E. L. Sawyer & Co., 42 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

GENTLEMAN:

I request that you allot me Bonds of the par value of \$100 each.

This is in accordance with your prospectus, issued the 25th day of April, 1898,

wherein you offer the bonds of the Belleville Traction Company, Limited; and I agree to pay for said bonds on allotment. Also agree to accept any lesser amount that may be apportioned me.

Name in full...

Address...

No Substitute

"Reindeer Brand"

CONDENSED COFFEE
is PURE COFFEE

with cream and sugar added, so that it may be prepared in a hurry, anywhere.

You can't spoil it!

ALL GROCERS

Crown and Bridge Work

H. A. GALLOWAY, L.D.S.
Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts.
Entrance 24 Queen East Phone 701.

You Can Count

Wedding Cakes

We spare no pains to make them perfect in every respect. Their handsome decorations, delicious almond icing and fine rich quality have made them very popular.

30c. and 40c. a lb. Sent to any address.



Caterer and Confectioner
719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

Spoonology!

We know it from beginning to end. There is no more sensible gift than glittering, solid silver Table, Dessert or Tea Spoons. Our...

Solid Silver 50c. Teaspoon makes a pretty souvenir.

CALL AND INSPECT

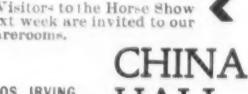
SGHEUER'S
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS
90 YONGE ST.

Stock Wine Sets

A very complete range—newly imported—patterns cut border and cut olive flutes, sparkling decanter, clear and flint glass, ice buckets, table tumblers, champagnes, claret, ports, sherry's, liquors and water jugs.

We invite you to see them.

Visitors to the Horse Show next week are invited to our warerooms.



Any Engravings Published

In TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT are for sale or rent at low rates. Apply to THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED) TORONTO.

PROFESSIONAL.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.
Phone 1041

BUY

Coleman's Salt
THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the ne



Society at the Capital.
Hard as it may be to believe, it is nevertheless true that there have not been a single thing given "in aid of St. Luke's Hospital" during the past two weeks. Such an appalling state of affairs has never been known before. Accustomed to semi-monthly balls, bazaars, theatricals, "send-your-age-in-coppers" entertainments for the charitable purpose of raising funds for St. Luke's Hospital, society had lately been paralyzed with the fear that these far from "few and far between" calls upon its purse were a thing of the past. Happily, however, this fear was alleviated by the dance given in the Racquet Court on Thursday evening in order to raise money to buy quilts and pillow-shams. This reminds me of a *bon mot* going the rounds here, namely, that the recent society thefts must have been "in aid of St. Luke's Hospital." A few of the well known people at Thursday evening's dance were: Sir James and Lady Carnac, Miss Carnac, Hon. Mr. Dobell, Mrs. Dobell, Miss Dobell, Hon. Mr. Sifton, Mrs. Sifton, Col. Turner, the United States Consul, and Mrs. Turner, Mr. Bostock, M.P., Mrs. Bostock, Sir James and Lady Grant, Mrs. Edgar, the Misses Edgar, and many others. Sir James Carnac, Bart., Lady Carnac



Sample books of Choice Wall Paper for Residences, Churches, Offices, Lodge Rooms, Public Halls, Hotels, Stores and other buildings. Send free to any address. Write a postcard.

Mention what prices you expect to pay; the rooms you wish to paper and where you saw this advertisement.

Mail order department at Belleville, Ont. Address all communications there.



It is the fire always answers to a touch, stays long for hours without attention or burns up briskly in a moment's notice. You can count on it, meeting all your changing needs, and yet it consumes very little fuel.

They're low in price, last a lifetime, and each one is guaranteed.

Sold by dealers everywhere.

Made by

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

The BON MARCHE

ARE NOW SELLING THE
Bankrupt Stock of Boisseau Bros. of Montreal
Amounting to \$84,318.70

This valuable stock consists of Black and Colored Dress Silks and Satins, Black and Colored Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Ribbons, Parasols, Jackets, Capes, Silk Chiffons and Gauzes, Silk Blouses, Made-up Skirts, Underskirts, Lace and Chenille Curtains, Housefurnishing Goods, and all kinds of Staple Goods.

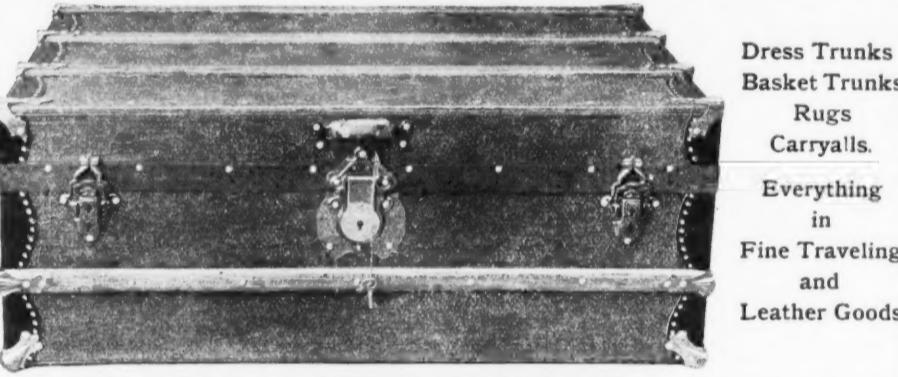
ALL the above FIRST-CLASS GOODS selling AT 50c and 65c. ON THE DOLLAR.

LADIES DON'T MISS IT!

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO., 7 and 9 King St. East
TORONTO

The STEAMER TRUNK ♦
Is an Indispensable Convenience for the Tourist

Kit Bags
Suit Cases
Club Bags
and
Traveling
Bags
of all
Descriptions



Send for Illustrated Catalogue
of Traveling Goods

Dress Trunks
Basket Trunks
Rugs
Carryalls.
Everything
in
Fine Traveling
and
Leather Goods

Made by **The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.,** 105 King St. W.
LIMITED TEL. 233

and Miss Carnac, who will probably spend some time in Ottawa, have engaged a comfortable suite of rooms at the Victoria Chambers.

Mr. Alfred Dobell is in town, the guest of Hon. Mr. Dobell and Mrs. Dobell, Coop street.

The tea hour on Thursday afternoon last found a brilliant little *coterie* of people assembled in the handsome studio of Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, R.C.A.

That ever popular visitor, Mrs. Aldous of Winnipeg, is in town on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Bate of Trenick House.

His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen gave another large dinner party at Government House on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Montizambert, the charming sister of Mrs. Douglas Armour of Toronto, is in town on a visit to Mrs. Trant Beard of Sweetland avenue.

The pretty club-house out at the golf links on the Chelsea road presented a very animated appearance on Friday afternoon. The occasion was the first golf tea of the season, at which Mrs. Egan officiated as hostess. These teas were immensely popular last year and everyone gladly welcomes their starting again.

Mrs. Drummond Hogg of Somersett street was the hostess at a bright little tea last week given in honor of Mrs. Arthur Dicky of Amherst, N.S.

Friday next will see the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton. To celebrate the occasion, society will be entertained at a large At Home by Mr. and Mrs. Clayton on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Mulock, wife of the Postmaster-General, gave a most successful luncheon party on Thursday afternoon of last week. The table was prettily arranged with smilax and roses. Those present included: Lady Laurier, Lady Carnac, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Fielding, Lady Davies, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Dobell, Lady Caron, Madame Peletier and others.

Mr. Justice Sedgewick and Mrs. Sedgewick were the host and hostess at a most successful dinner party on Monday evening, the guests being: Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Hon. Mr. Foster, Mrs. Foster, Mr. Justice Burbridge, Mrs. Burbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, Dr. Reynolds, and Mrs. Yeomans of Halifax, who is Mrs. Sedgewick's guest.

Mrs. Dobell has sent out cards for At Homes to come on Saturday, April 30, and Monday, May 2.

Hon. Mr. Dobell and Mrs. Dobell entertained at dinner on Saturday evening last: His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton, Hon. Mr. Edgar, Mrs. Edgar, Hon. Mr. Sifton, Mrs. Sifton, Mr. Brodeur, M.P., Mme. Brodeur, Hon. Mr. Mulock, Mrs. Mulock, Hon. Mr. Tarte, Mme. Tarte, and Mr. and Mrs. Egan.

Ottawa, April 27, '98.

Watts—It takes travel to bring out what there is in a man. Potts—Especially sea travel.—*Indianapolis Journal*.



The superiority of our one piece crank over any now in use is admitted by every expert, and our confidence in them presents you with an unconditional guarantee for one year from date of purchase. We put them on all our '98 models.

Welland Vale Mfg. Co., Limited

St. Catharines, Ont.

Toronto Store:

147 & 149
Yonge Street

"How do you manage to look so solemn when all these amusing things are happening?" asked the young man who was buying for the actor. "I think of my salary," said the Thespian.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Hewitt—That hotel clerk queered him self last night. Jewett—How was that? Hewitt—A lady he was calling upon happened to say that her foot was asleep, and he absent-mindedly asked her what time she would have it called.—*Toronto Topics*



For Guests
If you want a really fine, full flavored, rich "bodied" tea, to offer your guests, or for the family circle, get

Tetley's TEAS
Elephant Brand—of course the more expensive grades are best—but all are good pure tea, and whether you get the 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. or \$1. per lb. grades any of them are

BEST OF TEA VALUES
Sold at above prices by all good grocers, in ½ & 1 lb. air tight lead packets.
Always Pure, Always Fresh.

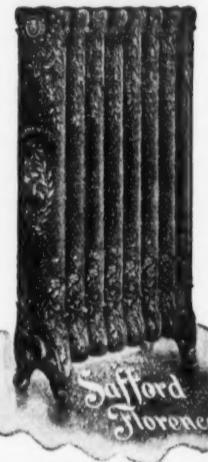
The Most Important

and valuable part of a Radiator
is the connection.

"Safford"
PATENT
Radiators

are connected with right and left screwed nipples, which are acknowledged by all leading heating engineers to be the most scientific principle in heating by either Hot Water or Steam.

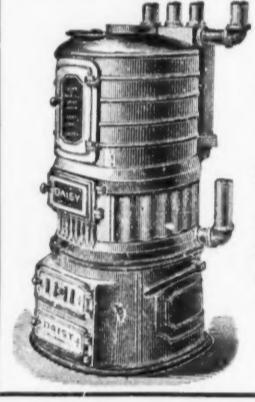
Manufactured by
The Toronto Radiator Mfg. Co., LIMITED
TORONTO, Ont.
The Largest Radiator Manufacturers
Under the British Flag



HEATERS

A boiler that will not heat is very dear at any price, and is not worth the space it occupies.

The
"Spence Daisy Boiler"
for Hot Water is the modern invention for house warming.
NO DUST NO GAS
moist, healthful heat, evenly distributed.
Made in twelve sizes and with twin connections for larger institutions.



The TORONTO RADIATOR
Manufacturing Co., Limited
TORONTO, Ont.

Well Dressed Toronto.

All Toronto will go to the Horse Show well dressed. Next week will be a gala and ultra-fashionable event, and students of style will be seen reflecting some of the handsomest costumes in the city. The pleasure of Toron'to fair society to appear in at any former event of a sporting or semi-sporting sort. Judging by the many gentlemen who have consulted Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossini block, there's being more care taken in this quarter that they shall appear at the Show in garments which are especially cut at such affairs, and that many of the swell, off-style, inappropriate garments will be missing when the bugle blows for the first event. Mr. Taylor takes credit for a good deal of the educating into this necessarily harmonious state; and the number of morning, afternoon and evening visits, to say nothing of Coverts, Padoles, Suits, Cuts, etc., in the top coat order, insures the fact that well dressed gentlemen will be the rule. It may not be too late yet to have a hint from him of what you ought to wear and when.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. Nicholas Rooney, 62 Yonge street, who offers for sale at very low prices, lace curtains, table-linen, table-napkins, towels, quilts, sheeting, pillow-cotton, black dress silks, etc., etc.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

JACKSON—April 21, at 633 Manning ave., Toronto, Mrs. H. E. Jackson—a daughter.

LAWRENCE—April 21, Mrs. John Baird Laidlaw—a daughter.

MABER—Port Hope, April 21, Mrs. G. E. Mabey—a daughter.

DESENM—April 19, Mrs. Arthur Densem—a son.

EVANS—Owen Sound, April 22, Mrs. H. P. Dunbar—son.

LEPPARD—April 22, Mrs. Sanford Leppard—a son.

BUDGE—Mandamin, April 21, Mrs. A. L. Budge—a daughter.

GILLARD—April 20, Mrs. J. W. Gillard—a daughter.

YEATS—April 22, Mrs. T. E. Butler Yeats—a daughter.

Marriages.

BAIN—WEATHERSTON—April 20, William Bain to Alida Constantine Weatherston.

ROLPH—McMICHAEL—April 20, Ernest R. Rolph to Florence May McMichael.

MATSON—MINTON—April 19, Mrs. Matson to M. J. Minton.

DAY—TEMPEST—Port Hope, April 19, Robert Day to Maude Murray Tempest.

RUPERIT—SHAW—April 27, J. P. Ruperit to Rosanna Shaw.

Deaths.

HOGG—April 27, Walter Hogg, aged 26.

HOLLAND—April 27, Margaret Cowan Holland, aged 78.

MCGREGOR—April 27, Marion Kerr McGregor, aged 53.

ROBERTS—Colborne, April 22, John D. Roberts, aged 74.

DAVIDSON—Chicago, April 20, Margaret Davidson.

EVANS—April 21, Susan Emma Evans, aged 78.

FINCH—April 21, Miss A. J. Finch.

GOODERHAM—April 21, Thos. Gooderham, aged 68.

SANSON—April 21, Eliza Anderson Sanson.

GIBBS—Chicago, April 17, H. J. Gibbs, aged 73.

TINNING—April 23, Richard Tinning, aged 73.

GRIFFITH—April 23, Jane Griffith, aged 87.

HOWARD—April 22, Prudence Eliza Howard.

VALIANT—April 21, George Joseph Valiant.

The following publications can be obtained upon application to agents: Grand Trunk Railway System:

"Muskoka Land of Health and Picturesque," describing the picturesque Muskoka

"Muskoka Special Folder."

"Thousand Island Folder."

"Gateways of Tourism,"

"A Guide to Hunting and Fishing Resorts," on and in the vicinity of the Grand Trunk Railway System, containing reliable information in regard to Fish, Game, Hotels, etc.

For all information regarding the Muskoka Lake Region, Maps, etc., Georgia Bay District, Lakes of Bays, Stone Lake District, apply agents Grand Trunk Railway System, or to M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.

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